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THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.

JOHN BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT is the son of the late JACOB BRIGHT, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born November 16, 1811. He and his brother, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, M.P. for Manchester, are partners in the affiliated firms of JOHN BRIGHT & BROTHERS, cotton spinners and manufacturers, Rochdale, and BRIGHT & Co., carpet manufacturers, Rochdale and Manchester. At an early age Mr. BRIGHT showed a keen interest in politics, and took part in the reform agitation of 1831-32. In those days the Church of England was a far more dominant institution than it now is. Every householder was compelled by law to pay the Church rates levied in his parish, whatever his religious creed might be, and it is said that Mr. BRIGHT'S first flights of oratory were delivered from a tombstone in Rochdale church-yard in indignant denunciation of a tax which to him, as a member of the Society of Friends, appeared especially odious. It was not, however, till 1839 that Mr. BRIGHT'S reputation spread beyond his own immediate neighborhood. In that year he became one of the first members of an association which had been formed for obtaining the repeal of the duties levied on the importation of foreign corn—an association better known as the Anti-Corn Law League, and his fervid addresses, coupled with the calmer and more logical speeches of Mr. COBDEN, contributed in an important degree to bring about the removal of tnese fiscal restrictions.

To sketch, even superficially, the career of Mr. BRIGHT would require more space than our limits will allow. His friendly attitude toward the North during our civil war, and his great services in the reform movements in his own country, are matters well known to our readers. In December, 1868, Mr. BRIGHT accepted office under Mr. GLADSTONE as President of the Board of Trade. A few years before it would have been thought a wonderful phenomenon—almost incompatible with the existence of a monarchy or a House of Lords—that Mr. BRIGHT should become a cabinet minister. Yet when the event took place nobody was especially surprised. The fact is that a gradual *rapprochement* had taken place between Mr. BRIGHT and his former adversaries. On the one hand, while experience had taught the member for Birmingham to modify some of his views, it is also true that nearly all England thinks now on many important subjects much as Mr. BRIGHT thought five-and-twenty years ago, when very few agreed with him. After two years of official life—namely, in December, 1870—Mr. BRIGHT was prostrated by serious illness, and he has only recently recovered. At the earnest solicitation of the government, who felt that the presence of the veteran radical might again bring them into favor with the Non-conformists, Mr. BRIGHT has once more accepted office. The duties of the Chancellorship of the

Duchy of Lancaster are chiefly of a nominal character, but Mr. GLADSTONE does not want Mr. BRIGHT in the cabinet for the sake of the official services he can render, but because of his general popularity with some of the most influential classes in the nation.

Mr. BRIGHT is confessedly the greatest English orator of the day, either in Parliament or out of it. That little sentence, "BRIGHT's up," used to send members rushing from all quarters into the House. His language is simple, drawn from the purest well of undefiled English, his matter is clearly and logically brought forth, and his speeches abound in equally happy strokes both of humor and pathos. When he first rises he speaks in such an easy conversational tone that you feel as if he was addressing you only out of the assembled audience, then gradually his animation increases, and you find yourself, however diverse your opinions, completely enchained by his eloquence. "He has," says the author of *Political Portraits*, "most elaborately and successfully trained his natural gifts. He possesses a presence which fills the eye, a voice which at once enters the ear, and a slow and deliberate utterance which seems to choose the best word and to watch its effect. Nothing can be better fitted than his words to his thought, and his language is thoroughly and racily English. If he has not as much wit as Mr. DISRAELI, he has a great deal more humor; he has as much earnestness as Mr. GLADSTONE, with more self-possession; and he has a simplicity of pathos and an occasional grandeur, scorn, and indignation which belong to neither."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1873.

"GOLDEN GRAIN."

In the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be commenced an intensely interesting* CHRISTMAS STORY, *under the above title, by* B. L. FARJEON, *author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses," "Joshua Marvel," and other popular tales. Those whose sympathies were so warmly stirred by the sorrows and sufferings of that poor waif of society, Blade-o'-Grass, will be glad to learn that she bears a prominent part in the present story.* "GOLDEN GRAIN" *is profusely and beautifully illustrated, and will unquestionably prove one of the most acceptable contributions to the holiday literature of the year.*

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an illustrated*

EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT,

containing another installment of "PHINEAS REDUX," *and a rich variety of other interesting reading.*

Another illustrated EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

LORD LYTTON'S *fascinating Novel,* "THE PARISIANS," *will be continued in our next Number.*

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE general moral that we drew last week from the October elections was emphasized by the result in November. The Democratic vote is not largely increased, but the Republican is largely diminished. The voters staid at home. The elections, therefore, mean, as we have constantly said, Republican dissatisfaction, and not Democratic reaction. If the better promises of the party had been fulfilled, and its action had shown scrupulous care to sustain only honest measures and men, there would have been no disaster.

We have often heard distinguished party chiefs sneer impatiently at refusals to fall into party line, and at the want of party spirit and subordination among Republicans. But he is not a fit leader who does not understand the character of those he leads; and the Republican chief who supposes that those who compose the party can be drilled like Democrats is curiously incompetent for his post. He can not be a leader who does not reflect that the Republican party is the political organization of the general intelligence and character of the country. It is a favorite theory at party head-quarters every where that those who insist that this must not be forgotten, and that both measures and candidates must show party fidelity to purity and character and progress, are impracticable and troublesome. But it still remains true that there is no greater blunder in party leadership than the alienation of the better party sentiment. It is called superfine and too good for this world; but it is the party palladium, and when it is lost the party falls. It is not the men who hold to principle, and believe in patriotic motives, and trust the conscience of the people, but those who do not, who ruin parties. Those who regard the community as rascals to be bribed merely sell out themselves. And if the Republican leaders had insisted upon honest measures only and honest men always, we should not now be scanning ruefully the November field.

A party depends not only upon its principles and policy, but upon the men who conspicuously represent and lead it. And its success depends upon the latter in two ways. If they are men of high character and pure purpose, the public believes the same of the party, and gladly trusts it, and such men propose and advocate only really patriotic measures. But if the recognized leaders and managers are of another kind, their own character discredits the party, and they are sure to connive at measures and support men whom good citizens can not sustain. Now undoubtedly the better class of Republicans are dissatisfied with very many of the Republican leaders. The shame and peril of the hour is corruption—venality in politics. What have these leaders done, it is asked, to purify and elevate political life? Some Republicans have proposed one radical and intelligible remedy, which is sustained by the best sentiment of the party—a reform of the civil service. What aid have these leaders given it? In what State have not the party managers ridiculed and opposed it? The leaders will tell us that their duty is not to theorize about millennial possibilities; that they are charged with practical legislation. True; but nothing is so practical as this reform, as nothing is more imperative.

The duty of statesmen is to deal not only with bills for the relief of Mrs. Moody and appropriations for building custom-houses, but with those principles and policies which tend to save legislation from becoming jobbery. When EDMUND BURKE moved and spoke for economical reform, and JOHN BRIGHT for the enlargement of the suffrage, and Mr. GLADSTONE for the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and Mr. FAWCETT for universal education, they stood for great principles, for the purification of public affairs, for the elevation of the people. The leaders of whom we speak have been faithful to the measures of reconstruction. They have been true to the party. But they have not sought to make the party true to the best wishes and hopes of the country. If they are not capable of doing this, or if the party is not brave enough to throw them off, the party is doomed. And here the press must lead. It must give the law, and not take it. When such nominations are made as those of Mr. TAYLOR for State Engineer, and of Messrs. WOODIN, LEWIS, BAKER, and the rest for State Senators, it must arraign those who nominate them, and exhort the voters to defeat them. And this it must do at the time of the nomination, not the day after the election. When the Republican press is brave enough to do this, State and County Conventions, and those who control them, will not be brave enough to make such nominations.

There is no exultation over the Republican reverses of the autumn. No patriotic man wishes to see the party that went out of national power with BUCHANAN, FLOYD, JACOB THOMPSON, TOUCEY, and HOWELL COBB return to the control of the government. But the history of a year shows that the way to prevent it is not to crack the party whip, and to support "the straight ticket," and to suffer the party to be "run" by a clique of political hucksters, but to pursue a policy so plainly sensible and patriotic, and to be represented by men so honorable and able, that good citizens will not stay at home upon election-day, but will turn out as gladly to vote for Republicans as they did for ABRAHAM LINCOLN in '60 and '64.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY AND FREE TRADE.

IN a recent article we asked upon what principle or policy the Democratic party, the party of slavery, secession, and repudiation, proposed to go to the country, and we added that the nomination of Mr. GREELEY was the surrender of its claim to be considered a free trade party. To this the *World* made a courteous, and, as it claimed, a conclusive reply. The reply was twofold. First, it said that if the nomination of a man who held Mr. GREELEY's opinions upon protection showed that the party had abandoned free trade, it equally showed that the party had ceased to be a party of slavery, secession, and repudiation, because he was as resolutely opposed to all of these as he was to free trade. Therefore, it claimed, our argument was inconsistent. This would be true if the description of the party had been part of the argument. But it was not. We did not assert that the Democracy was now a party of slavery, secession, and repudiation in the sense of actually holding to them as a policy. But we asked what policy does the party known to us as chiefly identified with these lost and hopeless issues now propose to present, and we proceeded to say that it could not be free trade, because it had surrendered that issue by nominating Mr. GREELEY.

The second part of the *World's* reply is remarkable. It is this—and although we do not quote the words, the *World* will agree that we state it fairly. The paramount Democratic necessity of the situation in 1872 was that the party should show that it accepted unqualifiedly the new constitutional amendments. There was a candidate already nominated at Cincinnati who had been originally and radically in favor of them, and who had been muzzled—it is the *World's* word—upon the subject of free trade. To adopt him was to declare both that the negro issues were dead and that the free trade issue was reserved. A more extraordinary argument was never made. For what is a political party? It is an association of citizens who agree that the public welfare can best be served by a certain policy. Necessarily that policy is living, not dead; in other words, it is adapted to the existing situation. The party acts by arguments in favor of that policy, and by the nomination of candidates who represent it. What, then, is the assertion of the *World*? It is that the Democratic party sought to regain the confidence of the country by nominating a candidate with whom it reluctantly agreed upon dead issues, and from whom it totally differed upon what both he and they admitted to be the chief living issue, but upon which he consented not only to be silent, but to be false to his constitutional duty if he were elected. To speak plainly, the *World* says that its party asked the confidence of the country upon the ground of the dexterity of its political thimble-rigging.

It was this very position of Mr. GREELEY, as a candidate, upon the question of protection which was utterly unworthy of him, and which completed the destruction of the public confidence which the Democrats sought to gain by his nomination. In his letter of acceptance of the Cincinnati nomination Mr. GREELEY said:

> "That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their Representatives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither overrule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish, by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not."

This was really an insult to the country. It was a declaration that if elected he would not do his official duty. For the Constitution, by giving the President the veto power, makes him a part of the Legislature; and the candidate for Congress who should say, in order to secure his election, that he would never attempt to persuade the majority opposed to him, would deserve to be defeated. Mr. GREELEY's position was not that of a Presidential candidate who says that if elected he will not veto a measure which he believes, and is known to believe, to be essential to the public welfare; but of one who declares that he will not perform his constitutional duty of vetoing a bill which he believes, and is known to believe, to be fatal to the public welfare. There is no reason why the President should consider a tariff bill to be "the people's immediate business" more than any other act of legislation, and Mr. GREELEY might as properly have said that, if elected, he would never exercise the veto power upon any occasion. For he could not exercise it except against a majority of Congress, and if that majority be conclusive evidence of the people's will, it is equally so upon every measure submitted for executive approval.

Should it be said that this may be true, but that it concedes Mr. GREELEY's agreement to be muzzled upon the subject of free trade, and that therefore the Democratic party did not surrender its position, the conclusive reply is that the form of words did not in the least change the substance of the situation. It merely satisfied the country of the utter duplicity of the Democratic managers. Whatever Mr. GREELEY might say, he was in himself the protective policy as much as HENRY CLAY. To nominate him with a muzzle did not change his significance, and every body knew it. If he had, as the *World* suggests, used the same words in reference to the amendments that he applied to the tariff, it would have made no difference. His nomination would have been a surrender of every Democratic claim and principle except the hope of success.

The nomination, however, showed merely a determination to win at all hazards, and we do not, of course, suppose that a party which does that will not, if it succeeds, do what it chooses. It will favor protection or free trade at its pleasure; but it can not claim to have remained, under the practices and understandings of our politics, logically faithful to any principle upon the subject. According to those practices, for instance, the exact free trade position of the Democratic party is defined in the platform of its last National Convention, as follows: "And recognizing that there are in our midst honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of protection and free trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congress districts, and to the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free of executive interference or dictation." If the nomination of Mr. GREELEY was not a surrender, what was this? Is this the declaration of a free trade party? We repeat our former question, Upon what principle does the Democratic party propose to appeal to the country? and our assertion that upon the question of free trade it has no principle whatever, as shown not only by the nomination of the most conspicuous protectionist in the country, but by its declaration that it is so divided in sentiment upon the subject that the question must be remitted to the people. Evidently the true policy for the Democratic party is not to talk about principles, but to secure power if it can.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE FOR SALE.

THE Troy *Times* says:

> "It is no doubt true that the Post-office employés in New York have been asked to aid in defraying the expenses of the election, to some extent, on the Republican side. Probably, also, the Custom-house officers have been applied to. We certainly hope they have. It is the most natural thing conceivable that they should be. They are holding good places under a Republican administration, from which they would speedily be ousted should the Democrats get into power, and it is right that they should not only feel an interest in the continued ascendency of Republicanism, but exhibit it in a substantial manner. If there are any of them who can not afford to contribute toward the success of the party, even in a State election not immediately affecting the stability of their official tenure, then they ought to resign and go into some business of a private nature, and give place to others who can make a little money go further."

This is an era of corruption. On all sides public and private dishonesty is so common that the only question asked of a man is getting to be, "Will he steal?" And this is the moment which the Troy *Times* selects for proposing that the offices of the government shall be sold. For that is what this system of political appointments and assessments means. We have known a Collector of the Customs—not Mr. ARTHUR nor Mr. MURPHY—to reply to a remonstrance against the extortion of money from poorly paid clerks, that there were fifty men just as capable as the clerks who stood ready to take their places with ten times as heavy an incumbrance as the modest two per cent. tax. Of two candidates, one of whom is willing to pay any assessment, and the other of whom declines, which, under the *Times's* system, would get the place? And when he had got it he would have bought it, and would be sorely tempted to reimburse himself.

If a clerk wishes to give money for election expenses, no one wishes to prevent him. But common decency and reason and public morality and patriotism all protest that his superior officer shall not decide for him, and that the public shall not lose his services because he does not choose to give. Half of the corruption and peril of our politics springs from the system that the Troy *Times* defends. And it is just that sneering defense of venality in politics by Republican orators and organs which disgusts honest people, and produces Republican disasters like those of this autumn.

NO INFLATION.

JUDGE PIERREPONT's speech on the Saturday evening before the election was significant. He is known to be a personal friend of the President, and all the circumstances of the meeting at which he spoke seemed to show that its object was less the "ratification" of the State nominations than to furnish an opportunity for an authorized unofficial suggestion of the financial views and plans of the Administration. Judge PIERREPONT's speech was devoted entirely to the difficulties of the hour and to their causes. He had intended, he said, to consider minutely the remedy, but gave way to another speaker. Yet, in discussing the causes of the situation, he showed what, in his opinion, must be the general policy of relief.

In brief, Judge PIERREPONT's view is that our troubles spring from the war and from the system of irredeemable paper money. Disaster was inevitable under such a system. He ascribes it to the concentration of the paper currency in New York; its loan at interest on call; the tightness of money consequent upon the demand to move the crops; and failures, revealing recklessness and rascality, which destroyed confidence and led to the paper suspension. "Our troubles come of a vicious system of finance." "Had we adopted a system of finance at the close of

the war which tended toward resumption, before this present crisis arrived we should have had the greenback equivalent to gold." Judge Pierrepont then says that the solution of the question will exalt or destroy the Republican party. He exhorts the Secretary of the Treasury to inform himself thoroughly, and digest a plan to be offered to Congress as an Administration measure. The principle of the measure must be resumption. "It is certain that the great issue in Congress will arise between those who are in favor of a paper inflation, closing their eyes to certain ruin in the future, and those who are in favor of gradual resumption and certain prosperity in the future."

Judge Pierrepont is right in supposing that this will be the great struggle of the session. The huge corporations of every kind will combine with the demagogues in demanding inflation. The pressure will be tremendous. Slack labor and consequent suffering will plead for it. Senator Thurman has declared against a return to specie payments. General Butler laughs at resumption, and some respected bankers think our currency the best in the world. From all parties and interests the demand for inflation will arise, and it will require in the Administration all the persistence shown at Vicksburg and Petersburg to withstand it. But the President has more than once expressed his desire of resumption. He can not doubt the ruinous consequences of inflation. He can not wish the indefinite postponement of a sure financial basis which it would necessarily bring. And should our surmise be correct, and the speech of Judge Pierrepont represent the President's views, his message will be the promise of better days. Meanwhile both the Administration and Congress should know the feelings and wishes of the country. Let the position of the President—if it be what this speech leads us to infer—be sustained by his friends upon all sides. Let us uphold the hands of our champions in Congress. Let us touch bottom somewhere. No more paper inflation.

JOHN BRIGHT.

It is delightful to think of John Bright well again and once more upon the platform. His late speech at Birmingham—the first in nearly four years—had all the old clearness, raciness, and force. It was a rapid review of the results of liberal ascendency, and the noblest vindication ever offered of Mr. Gladstone's administration. It has disestablished a church as a political institution, showing that a church may exist and religion prosper without the support of the state. It has modified the Irish land laws, showing that the rights and interests and homes of the people are as sacred as certain assumed absolute rights of the landlord. It has abolished the corruption market in the army. It has introduced the ballot. It has taken the powers of the highest court of justice in the kingdom from the House of Peers. It has founded a system of universal public education. It has honorably settled the American question. Indeed, there would have been no American question had England shown a generous neutrality. And in agreeing to the arbitration, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues "added a nobler chapter to the history of England than if they had filled it with the records of bloody battles." The grandeur and the importance of these measures are the measure of the glory of the administration.

Should not, asks the orator, the servants who have done so well be retained? There yet remain grave changes to be made in the land laws; and the question of a free breakfast is not settled; but they can be most wisely left in the hands of the present administration, especially as the Tory policy is carefully concealed. And Mr. Bright pleasantly ridicules the Tory silence and secrecy. He asserts that for forty years the liberal party has been in power, whether in office or not. When Sir Robert Peel abolished the Corn Laws and Mr. Disraeli enlarged the suffrage, they proposed the measures of the liberal party. Mr. Bright claims that what he calls the beneficent revolution in regard to the condition of the working classes is due to the legislation of the liberal party, and exhorts that party to a speedy advance, ending his speech in a strain of simple and inspiring eloquence: "For my share, looking back over these forty years, I feel some little sense of content. But it does not in the least degree lessen—on the contrary, it rather adds to and strengthens—my hope for the future. The history of the last forty years of this country—judge it fairly; I speak of its legislation—is mainly a history of the conquests of freedom. It will be a grand volume that tells the story, and your name and mine, if I mistake not, will be found in some of its pages. For me the final chapter is writing—it may already be written. But for you, this great constituency, you have a perpetual youth and a perpetual future. I pray Heaven that in the years to come, and when my voice is hushed, you may be granted strength and moderation and wisdom to influence the councils of your country by righteous means to none other than to noble and righteous ends."

THE NEW MASTERS OF TAMMANY.

The late Democratic success in this State is called a Tammany victory. That phrase four and five years ago meant the triumph of the Tweed Ring, which then controlled Tammany Hall. What it means now can be seen in the leaders who instantly appear in command. A day or two after the election the Tammany General Committee met to expel Mr. Oliver Charlick for alleged offenses in the canvass of the votes. Mr. John Kelly said that when the committee of investigation had reported he would introduce resolutions. Mr. John Morrissey, amidst great applause, said that Mr. Kelly was honest, but modest, and moved the expulsion. Mr. Thomas A. Ledwith denounced Mr. Charlick, alleging that he represented Tammany upon the Police Board, and had been unfaithful. "General" Spinola also called loudly for expulsion. The matter was referred to a committee, and while they were absent, Colonel John R. Fellows made a speech at Mr. Kelly's request, at the end of which the committee reported, and Mr. Charlick was expelled.

Mr. Morrissey, Mr. Ledwith, General Spinola, and Colonel Fellows, with Mr. Kelly, all of whom are very well known in this community, are the new masters of Tammany Hall, and Tammany is the master of the Democratic party in the State. Evidently, as the Democratic papers claim, it is the "old unchanged party" with which honest and patriotic citizens have now to deal, and they will decide whether more is to be expected of Tammany, led by Messrs. Morrissey, Spinola, Ledwith, Fellows, and Kelly, than of Tammany under Tweed, Sweeny, and Hall.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. I.

Lit by a golden sunset, we passed out upon the ocean, and left behind us one of those magnificent scenes that are never known on land. Crimson tints such as sometimes startle us in the pictures of marine artists, and seem false because so true to nature, lingered over the west. A drapery of gorgeous clouds hung low over the waters, and crowned the faint outline of the fading land. The Fortunate Isles and Hesper's Gardens might have worn so rich a clothing: it seemed as if the land of hope were behind us, and we were wandering away into the gloom of the past. With such tints Plato must have painted the vision of Western freedom that pursued him amidst the decay of his native republic, and in such a clime sketched out the reign of philosophy.

The least agreeable part of the voyage to Europe is its close. Owing to the inhumanity of the owners of the lines of steamers, the passengers are gathered together in a miserable tug on the Mersey, are driven through perpetual rain and mist from vessel to vessel, and are landed at last, chilled and disconsolate, on the wet docks of Liverpool. That the great stream of travelers from America to Europe should submit patiently to such merciless treatment is scarcely credible; that young and old, the sick, the feeble, should be driven out into the pitiless rain and cold, without shelter or resource, is a trait of lingering barbarism. And when an American line of steamers is established, its first aim will, no doubt, be to provide a tolerable means of landing passengers on the shores of the Old World. Yet the European ports are so inferior to our own as to leave no palliation for this neglect. At none of them can a vessel sail up to a pier. High tides and dangerous shores keep them at a secure distance from the land. At New York the largest steamers lie close to the docks, but in Europe they can only be unladen by a slow and artificial process.

At Liverpool it is said to rain almost incessantly. For the past year its people have scarcely known any fair weather. Niebelungs or nereids, they seem to thrive in the water, and are unusually healthful. Yet the city has evidently its own attractions, and is not unworthy of the fame of Roscoe. The streets are clean, the markets well kept; the vast colonnade of St. George's Hall comes out grandly from its perpetual mists; and the gardens and parks, the galleries and lyceums, show that Liverpool is not altogether lost in commerce. Its chief subjects of discussion at present are how to establish a city university, and how to enforce a system of non-sectarian public instruction. The Liverpool *Mercury* assails "denominationalism" in education with a resolution and address that might well deserve imitation every where, and the *Courier* and the *Post* urge the need of higher cultivation.

As one glides on amidst the soft landscapes of England, the clouds seem to hang lower than with us, and through the infrequent openings the blue heaven seems farther away than ever. The fields stretch out fresh and evergreen, clumps of English oaks come down to the verge of the railway, the land glows with fertility, and one is almost content to live in such opulence without a sun or sky. We pass through towns famous in history, and lovely scenery that has witnessed all the rage of human passion and of selfish pride. Here Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, worthless kings and recreant nobles, fierce republicans and profligate Cavaliers, have stained every hill-top and valley with blood. The Pawnee and the Comanche have scarcely been more avid of slaughter than were our ancestors. Yet as we glide through Lichfield we imagine a heroic thinker doing penance in its market-place, and at Rugby remember Arnold. Not far away is Shakspeare's birth-place, and in yonder wood Milton chanted *Comus*. There is a strange loneliness over the English landscape. In the midst of high cultivation you see few men, and only great flocks of sheep browsing, and fine herds of cattle. The people live in clusters of cottages away from the railroad, and the prevalence of large estates drives the laboring classes into the towns. The rich country has the quiet of solitude. London probably owes no small part of its enormous population to the fact that the people are not suffered to remain in the farming districts; that in the country they are banished by injudicious legislation from their native soil, and left without a home.

Nothing can surpass the grandeur of London; and of all the spectacles of commercial activity, and of the marvelous results of human industry, there is none that can rival the endless lines of streets that radiate from London Bridge—the press of business, the swarms of people, the solid magnitude of the buildings, the docks, the warehouses, or the rich fringe of parks and palaces that sweep around the West End, the product of the labors of mankind. The docks and villas of Carthage, the splendors of imperial Rome, the fleets of Venice, or the factories of Bruges and Ghent, seem faint and feeble by the side of the immense creation of modern trade. All the world has toiled and suffered that London might thrive. Hindoo and Lascar, Russian serf and German peasant, the East and the West, the Arabic trader and the Peruvian miner, American and Chinese, have paid the tribute of their toil to build the Saxon metropolis. Nor, certainly, is it by pacific means that London has ruled the avenues of trade. Its chief benefactors have been men of war and of blood, and the "Reds" of the aristocracies have proved not more merciful than those of the Communes. It has been forced to fight as well as to work. Its favorite deities are Marlborough and Wellington, Nelson and Clyde. Their statues tower over its busy haunts; it rewarded their victories with a munificence that was never approached. Wellington received $7,000,000 from the overburdened nation; Nelson was covered with wealth and honors; and every British conqueror on land or sea has been repaid with an affluence that the warriors of Europe and America have never dreamed of attaining. Washington and Bolivar, Grant and Thomas, have been content with the grateful affection of their countrymen.

I wandered away from the roar of commerce and the symbols of victory and war to the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. On one side looked down the solemn bust of Dryden, musical, genial, and profligate. Not far off was the sterner countenance of Milton. Here Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Irving had mused and sighed. Edmund Spenser lay in one niche; Drayton, Prior, and a throng of the prolific genius of England slept in the cold, damp cloister. The fresh graves of Dickens and Macaulay were not far away. Gray and discolored, with the chill damp stealing down its fretted walls, and the faint light of its pale sky scarcely discovering the names of its immortal dead, the Gothic abbey has served a higher purpose than was ever imagined by its superstitious founders. Warriors and priests have passed away. Their names are written in the dust. But the men of letters who are enshrined or recorded in Westminster are destined to rise from their graves to become the teachers of mankind. Milton, Spenser, Addison, Johnson, and the long line of their illustrious offspring, have yet to complete their still imperfect careers by teaching humanity to countless generations, and by watching over the progress of the people.

To make Shakspeare, Milton, Addison, and Johnson familiar to their countrymen, to spread knowledge and awaken a love for letters in the cottage and the hovel, is the aim of the highest class of English statesmen. The question of education, we are told by the Tory and the liberal journals, by Romanists and High-Churchmen, Non-conformists and Dissenters, is now the chief of all. Every candidate at the hustings is called upon to declare whether he is in favor of sectarian or non-sectarian education, whether he will support the denominational clause in the new act, or whether he will vote for its removal. If this clause is stricken out, education in England will be wholly non-sectarian and strictly compulsory, no one will be suffered to escape the softening influence of general culture, and the whole Saxon race will be purified and fused together in the alembic of the public school. But this the Roman Catholics and the High-Churchmen, conservatives and Tories, are resolved to prevent. The people are clamoring for knowledge, but bigotry and selfish ambition still refuse to suffer them to learn; they denounce all education that is not controlled by the priest; they see nothing but heresy and infidelity in teaching simple grammar and mathematics. The conservatives have pledged themselves to this extraordinary folly, and Disraeli and Gathorne Hardy must range their obedient followers on the side of Romanism and Archbishop Manning.

It remains to be seen whether the accession of Mr. Bright to the cabinet will suffice to infuse courage into its members, whether they will venture to separate wholly from the ultramontanes, and reflect that vigorous opposition to political Romanism that is rising ominously among the people. If Mr. Gladstone is willing to govern England to suit the policy of the Vatican, he will find himself abandoned by his most active supporters; if he insist upon maintaining sectarian education, he will be supplanted by some more intelligent leader. There can be no doubt that England is eager to place itself firmly on the side of progress, to stand with Germany, Italy, and the chief European powers, in open hostility to political Romanism. Nor is this bigotry, but common-sense. If the ultramontane policy triumphs on the Continent, there can be no rest for England. Already the Irish priests are openly plotting rebellion, and plainly indicate what they may be expected to do when the papacy has once more crushed its foes.

Mr. Bright has before him the possibility of a splendid future. As the champion of education and of political reform, he may renew the vigor of the English race; as the friend of America in all its vicissitudes, the foe of slavery and disunion, he may draw together all the branches of the Saxon family in a new association, and bind once more the Old World to the New. Of all English statesmen he seems to have the clearest notion of personal independence.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Elections were held on the 4th inst. in thirteen States—viz., New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Texas, Virginia, Wisconsin, Illinois, Kansas, Maryland, Arkansas, and Michigan. Governors were chosen in six of the thirteen. The Republican vote was light, compared with that of former years. New York State was carried by the Democrats, with a majority of about 10,000 for Secretary of State, but the Legislature has still a Republican majority in both Houses. The New Jersey Legislature also has a Republican majority. Governor Washburn was re-elected in Massachusetts, and the Legislature is decisively Republican. Taylor, the anti-monopoly candidate for Governor of Wisconsin, was elected, and in Minnesota Cushman K. Davis, the Republican nominee, is said to have been chosen.

The second trial of William M. Tweed for corruption in office was begun on the 5th inst. in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Davis. In two days thereafter only three jurors were obtained.

The American Institute Fair at the Third Avenue Rink in this city has had a successful season, notwithstanding the scarcity of money. The attendance has been very large, running up to four or five thousand daily. In point of variety and general attractiveness it may be said to have equaled any exhibition ever given by the Institute. The musical programme was also unexceptionably good. The fair will close within two or three days after the issue of this publication.

Ex-Comptroller Connolly's case is again before the courts, a motion having been made on the 6th inst. before Judge Sutherland, by counsel for the defense, to quash the indictment pending against him. The District Attorney was not prepared to argue against the motion, and the case was postponed till the 15th inst.

One of the Stokes jurors, who violated the law by conversing about the case in public during the trial, has been sentenced to imprisonment for thirty days and to pay a fine of $250.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has resolved to memorialize Congress to cause the purchase of United States bonds to be discontinued, and the application of the national gold reserve to the redemption of Treasury notes.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The American steamer *Virginius* was captured by the Spanish gun-boat *Tornado* near Jamaica on the 31st ult., with 170 passengers and crew, and a cargo. Among the captured were Bernabe Varona, Pedro Cespedes (brother of the President), Jesus del Sol, and General Ryan, all of whom were tried by court-martial and summarily executed.

In Spain several Carlist bands were defeated and scattered by the republican troops on the 1st and 2d inst.—The steamer *Murillo*, which ran down the emigrant ship *Northfleet* in the English Channel, has been condemned and sold.—Two German merchant vessels have been seized by a Spanish man-of-war for carrying arms to the Malay pirates.

The ill-fated city of Constantinople has again been visited by fire, which broke out on the 3d inst. and destroyed more than forty buildings.

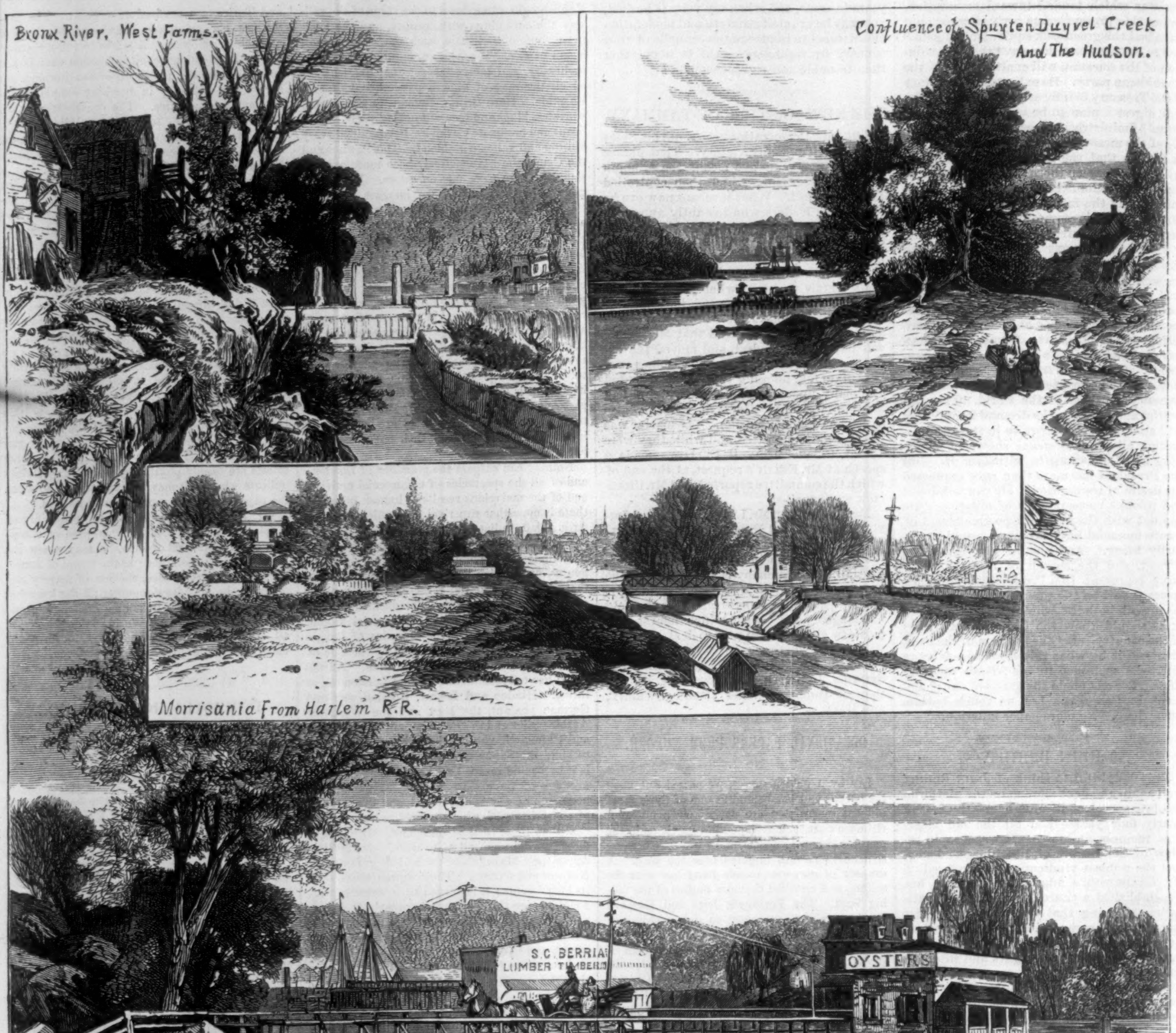
A decree has been promulgated in Rome for the confiscation of four more convents in that city.

The latest advices from India are more encouraging. The crops in some districts of Bengal are improving, and with the continuance of favorable weather, it is hoped that the famine may be averted or greatly mitigated.

The French National Assembly met on the 5th inst. President M'Mahon sent a message, the most important points of which are as follows: "To thoroughly insure public peace the government absolutely lacks two things, the essential conditions of efficiency. It has neither sufficient vitality nor authority. It can do nothing durable. If the rights of the government are daily questioned, with its powers liable to be changed at any moment, it can secure peace to-day, but not safety to-morrow. Great undertakings are impossible. Industry languishes. We are unable to restore that confidence abroad which is necessary to the restoration of the greatness of the nation. The government lacks authority, for it is unable even to obtain obedience from its own agents, or to repress the excesses of journals which are corrupting the public mind. You will consider these dangers, and create a strong, durable executive which can energetically defend society."—A motion was made to prolong M'Mahon's term, but no definite action was taken.—M. Buffet has been re-elected President of the Assembly.

The famous Tichborne trial has been postponed for one year.

The steamer *Bavarian*, on her way from Hamilton to Montreal, was burned on the night of the 5th inst., and fourteen lives were lost.



ANNEXED TO NEW YORK—SCENES IN WESTCHESTER COUNTY.—FROM SKETCHES BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 1037.]

THE HON. A. R. LAWRENCE.

This gentleman was born in the city of New York, September 19, 1832. He comes from an old and highly esteemed Knickerbocker family, his ancestors on both sides having been prominent citizens of the island for many generations. He received a liberal classical education in one of the best schools of our city, studied law in the office of Judge Gilbert, and was admitted to the bar of this State in October, 1853. Before his admission he was appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel, under the administration of Mr. Robert J. Dillon. While in that position Mr. Lawrence applied himself assiduously to the study of the principles, charters, statutes, and ordinances applicable to the various departments of our city and county government, and in the important cases in which he was called upon to act as counsel for the city he had ample opportunity to display the knowledge he had acquired. He was soon looked upon by his brethren of the profession as a special authority on all legal matters connected with our municipal affairs.

After remaining in the office of the Corporation Counsel for a number of years, he resigned, entered upon the general practice of his profession, and soon acquired an extensive and lucrative business. His previous experience caused him to receive retainers in many important litigations in which the city was concerned. He is the author of a volume on the tax and assessment laws, a work evincing much thought and research, and highly valued by the profession.

Previous to his recent election to the bench of the Supreme Court Mr. Lawrence never held an official position except that of Assistant Corporation Counsel. He was last fall defeated as Democratic and Liberal Republican candidate for Mayor of New York. In politics Mr. Lawrence has long been regarded as a leading but moderate Democrat. There is no question in regard to his eminent qualifications for the office to which he has been elected.

THE HON. ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE.—[Photographed by J. O'Neil.]

THE HON. CLAUDIUS L. MONELL.

This accomplished jurist was born in Hudson, Columbia County, New York. He came to this city in 1836, and entered the office of Wells & Bushnell, practitioners of some note in that day, where he remained for a while, but finished his studies with Benjamin F. Butler, from whose office he was admitted to practice in the year 1837. In 1841 Mr. Monell removed to Hudson, and formed a copartnership with the late Judge Hogeboom, for the practice of the profession. His career was active and successful. He was retained as counsel by the Shakers in many important cases, and by the Hudson River Railroad Company when the question of the acquisition of the right of way from Poughkeepsie to Albany was raised. His conduct of these cases added largely to his reputation at the bar. In 1850 appeared *Monell's Practice*, which was considered at the time of its publication a work of great accuracy and merit. It was the first work on practice published after the adoption of the Code, and ran through two editions. In 1861 Mr. Monell was elected to the bench of the Superior Court, to which position he has just been for the third time chosen. He is a member of the Democratic party, but men of all shades of political opinion recognize his fitness for the place he has so long and so ably filled.

THE HON. GILBERT M. SPEIR.

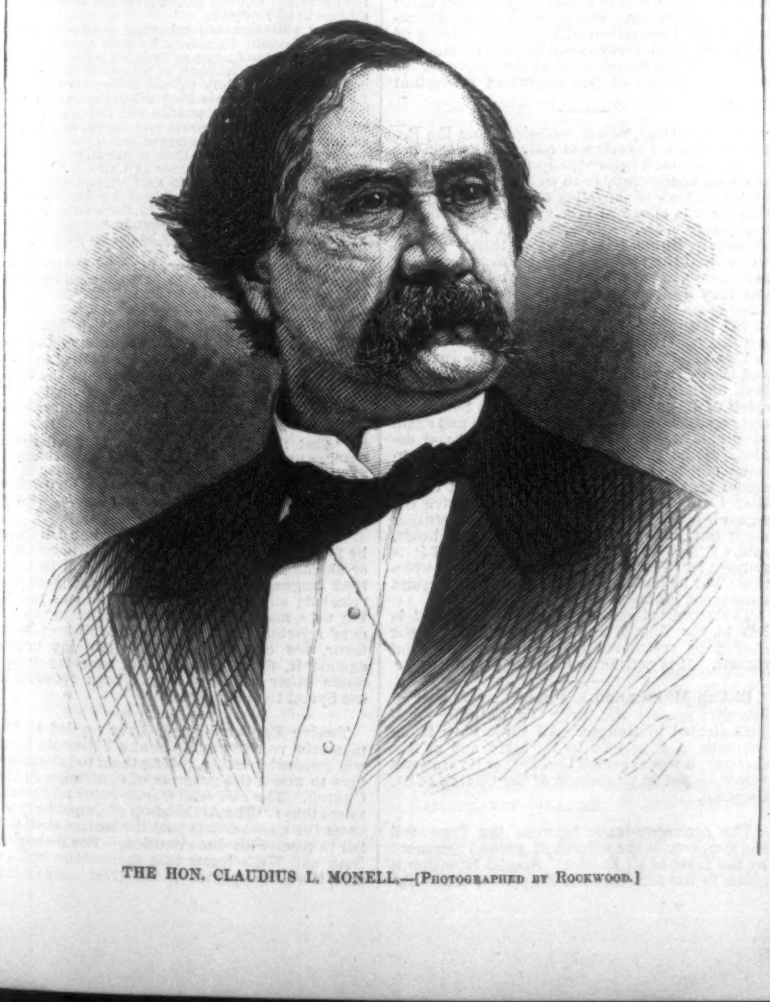
This gentleman, who has been elected to the bench of the Superior Court, has been for over thirty years past a lawyer of especial prominence at the New York bar. He was born in this State, near Balston, in Saratoga County, and is about fifty-seven years of age. He came to this city in 1835, studied law in the office of H. B. Coles, and was admitted to the bar two years later. Shortly after his admission he formed an alliance with Stephen P. Nash, still of this city, which lasted for over thirty years. In the trial of causes which required especial tact and ingenuity this partnership became well and favorably known. A few years since Mr. Speir formed a partnership with his brother, A. W. Speir, which still continues. This is Mr. Speir's first entrance upon official life. He has always been a moderate Democrat, not taking sides with either of the factions into which that party is divided. His election was due to his prominence as a lawyer, and his recognized qualifications for the position to which he has been chosen.

ANNEXED TO NEW YORK.

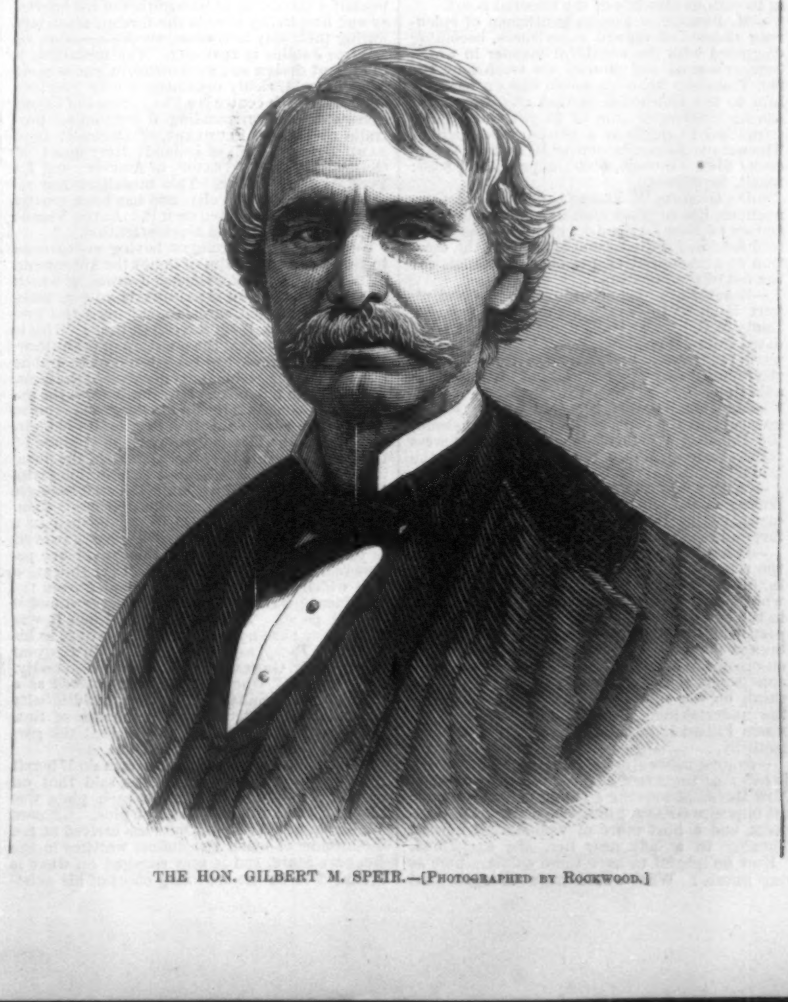
We give on page 1036 several illustrations of the scenery of Westchester County, a portion of which has recently been annexed to the city of New York. More than six years ago Mr. Green, as Comptroller of the Parks, directed attention to the necessity for giving the city a limited jurisdiction over the territory whose assets and liabilities he will shortly take cognizance of as Comptroller of the city. In consequence of his recommendations, the Commissioners of Parks were vested with such control over the Westchester shore of Spuyten Duyvel Creek, and over the grades of streets and avenues in the lower part of Westchester County, as enabled them to provide for the continuation of Seventh Avenue by tunnel, for the continuation of the Boulevard by suspension-bridge, and for the regulation of the bulkhead lines between Harlem and Spuyten Duyvel. The impossibility of getting the county towns to pay their legal share of the expenses of such improvements has hitherto greatly retarded their progress. Now that the towns have become a part of the city, this drawback exists no longer. The act of annexation very properly confides to the Department of Parks the control of all improvements in Westchester County. They have had the drawing up of the plans from the first, and their engineers and surveyors are presumably best qualified to carry their own work to its natural termination.

The question of annexation was submitted to the people at the recent election, and received a decided affirmative vote. The towns added to New York are Morrisania, West Farms, and Kings Bridge, increasing the area contained within the municipal boundary by about one-half; in other words, the New York of 1874 will have an area of about 21,000 acres instead of 14,000 acres as at present. The population of the city is increased by about 40,000 souls.

As the reader will see from our illustrations, the new part of the city comprises some very picturesque and beautiful bits of scenery. The junction of Spuyten Duyvel Creek with the Hudson at Kings Bridge, of which we give a sketch, is especially noteworthy. The great advantage to the city in the acquisition of the new territory is of course a material one. The development of the upper part of Manhattan Island and required that the city should have jurisdiction of both banks of the Harlem River. Every attempt to improve that river, and to increase the facilities of communication between the opposite shores, has failed through the disagreement of the local authorities alluded to above. The interests of both parties to the annexation contract will therefore be promoted by uniting under one jurisdiction. At present the Harlem River is merely an unsightly barrier to all advancement; in future it will become the means of uniting the city and the suburbs more closely, and of promoting the public works of the whole neighborhood.



THE HON. CLAUDIUS L. MONELL.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]



THE HON. GILBERT M. SPEIR.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

PERSONAL.

The daily papers contain elaborate tributes to the memory of Lewis Gaylord Clark, who died at Piermont on the 4th inst. For nearly forty years Mr. Clark was known to the literary men of the country as a most amiable, intelligent, and agreeable gentleman. At the commencement of the publication of *Harper's Magazine* he was intrusted with the supervision of one of its editorial departments, and contributed largely to its originality and brightness. He may be said to have created the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and to have won for it the foremost place in the magazine literature of its time. Few men had a more extensive acquaintance with authors, artists, and professional men generally than Mr. Clark, and his pleasant, sunny temper made him a universal favorite.

—Mr. Edward Hammond, who has just retired from the Under-Secretaryship of the British Foreign Office, is the subject of criticism from some of the better class of London literary papers. One of these says he "must have had power of some sort, to be so trusted by successive governments, and he certainly had vast knowledge; but he was very greedy of power, very indisposed to promote young men, and of late entirely wanting in political foresight." The *Saturday Review*, alluding to his successor, says: "It may be worth while to remark that the appointment of Lord Tenterden involves a serious innovation, if not a constitutional anomaly. No peer has a theoretical right to decline or suspend the discharge of his Parliamentary duties, and yet it is impossible for a permanent civil servant to take part in the proceedings of the House of Lords. If the precedent is once established, the ministry of the day will have a new mode of rewarding friends and buying off opponents." Lord Tenterden's father, late Chief Justice of the King's Bench, possessed judicial merits of a very high order. According to some, he excelled Lord Mansfield in industry and learning, and equaled him in acuteness of perception and power of reasoning.

—The Boston *Post* of November 6 states that "the largest lecture audience seen in Boston since Father Burke's farewell was that drawn by Mr. Nast on Tuesday evening" (November 4). In consequence of the disappointment of hundreds who were unable to procure seats, he was induced to repeat his lecture the following Saturday afternoon. Mr. Nast has every reason to feel gratified with his reception in the lecture field.

—Paul de Cassagnac is described as one of the most conspicuous persons on the streets of Paris. He is very tall, broad-shouldered, and wears a very large and peculiar-looking hat, which he perches over his left ear. He walks in a bold, defiant manner, and carries a huge walking-stick, which he from time to time swings ominously from side to side, as though just preparing to smash the head of some imaginary foe, and at such times the passers-by do not fail to point him out very admiringly. As for the ladies, they admire Monsieur De Cassagnac very openly. He is so large, so dark, his eyes are so black and so bright, and all that sort of thing, and no one knows it better than P. de C.

—The late William Wheelwright, of Newburyport, Massachusetts, gave away during the last ten years of his life, in various charities, over six hundred thousand dollars, yet he had enough left to bequeath three hundred thousand dollars each to his wife and daughter, fifteen thousand dollars each to twenty-six relatives, and two hundred thousand dollars for a scientific school at Newburyport.

—Artemas Hale, of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, aged ninety, is the oldest ex-Congressman living. He used to be a school-master, then a manufacturer, was afterward a State Senator of Massachusetts, and finally served four years in Congress, from 1845 to 1849. He is still hale and hearty.

—Victor Emanuel had such a good time in Berlin that he gave one hundred and fifty watches to various attachés of the imperial court.

—M. Burgot, a French gentleman of epicurean tastes and refined experiences, becoming disgusted with the unskillful manner in which butcher's-meat and poultry are treated by the San Francisco boarding-house keeper, has hied him to the almshouse in that city, where, for the inconsiderable sum of $5 per week, he is permitted to dwell as a non-vagrant boarder. The net per annum income of M. Burgot is precisely $700. Income, $700; expenditure, $260: result, happiness.

—Dr. Gordon W. Russell, of Hartford, Connecticut, has enrolled himself among the benefactors of New England by giving to the Hartford Retreat for the Insane $10,000 for the erection of a memorial chapel on the grounds for the use of the inmates.

—Senator Schurz, according to common report, is about to change his residence from St. Louis to Chicago. He is a gentleman who has dated from many places, but if he has views toward the United States Senate from Illinois, the removal may prove a waste of his very valuable time.

—Madame Ratazzi has sold to the Italian government the papers left by her late husband, the Italian government preferring to suppress rather than to diffuse the rasping style of the late Ratazzi.

—With a view to avoid the hay fever, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has sold that awfully expensive plaything, his farm at Peekskill. Hay fever and fancy farming are Peekskilling affairs.

—It has been said that much of the success of the recent meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city was due to Professor Philip Schaff, who with characteristic modesty kept himself in the background. For a year past he has been preparing for the work, visiting the various branch alliances in Europe, and securing their co-operation. It was he who secured the valuable papers that were read at the meetings. In short, he was one of the organizing spirits of the undertaking. Without him and Dr. Irenæus Prime it might have resulted less satisfactorily.

—Among other stories told of Phil Sheridan is this: At the Army of the Potomac reunion at New Haven last spring a young lady at the table sat opposite Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, and a host more of well-starred heroes. Turning to a lady near her, she exclaimed, "How delightful to have these soldiers here as our guests! Who would have thought that generals could eat like other men?" Overhearing the remark, Sheridan turned to Hancock, and muttered, *sotto voce*, "Miss —— is surprised to see that generals really eat. I suppose she thought we fellows did nothing but drink."

—Mr. Henry Watterson's quite free and fresh way of commenting upon the London *Times*, and English journals generally of the present day, has elicited from Mr. Smalley, the clever London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, an extract from a speech made in Parliament in 1860 by Lord Palmerston that created much wonder in aristocratic circles at that time, as being the first frank concession that had ever been made in Parliament by a cabinet minister to the personal status of the newspaper man. Lord Palmerston, in reply to Mr. Horsman, said:

"My right honorable friend has stated that he did not know what the influence was which drew Mr. Delane, one of the editors or managers of the *Times*, to me; and if by that statement he means to imply a wish on my part to exercise any influence over the line of conduct which is pursued in the case of that journal, I can only say in answer to this charge, in the words of Mrs. Malaprop, that I should be but too glad to plead guilty to the soft impeachment, and to know that the insinuation which it involves was really founded on fact. [A laugh.] If there are influences which, as the right honorable gentleman says, have fortunately led Mr. Delane to me, they are none other than the influences of society. My right honorable friend has observed, in that glowing address which he has just delivered to us, that the contributors to the press are the favorites and the ornaments of the social circles into which they enter. In that opinion he is, it seems to me, perfectly correct. The gentlemen to whom he refers are, generally speaking, persons of great attainments and information. It is, then, but natural that their society should be agreeable. My acquaintance with Mr. Delane is exactly of that character. I have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Delane frequently in society, and he has occasionally done me the honor to mix in society under my roof. That society was, I may add, composed of persons of all shades of politics [cheers], of various pursuits; and I need hardly say I feel proud when persons so honor me without undertaking any other engagement than that which Mr. Delane always makes good—of making themselves agreeable during the time of their stay."

—Lord Lytton and Lord Dalling, though brothers, had different notions as to the desirableness of income. The former was not only brilliant as a writer of fiction, but sagacious and practical as a man of finance. No author knew better than he the money value of the word copyright. The former left a handsome fortune; the latter, acting through life upon the Micawber system, left an estate of $25,000 with debts of $55,000. Lord Dalling held some of the best-paid of the British embassies, and must have been handsomely remunerated for his *Life of Lord Palmerston*, if not for his *Historical Characters*. Lord Dalling, having no family, lived mainly for Lord Dalling, and did not permit his repose to be interrupted by thoughts of how his creditors were to realize par in cash for par in confidence.

—Postmaster James, a gallant man, and the best practical postmaster New York has had, has appointed Mrs. W. W. Chubbuck, of Hamilton, Madison County, to the new position of searcher in the Post-office in this city. Her husband was long the editor of the *Madison County Journal*. There are a good many things that even "by searching are past finding out;" but now that Mrs. C. is to look into things postal, we may hope for results. Mr. C. was a man of letters in Madison County, and Mrs. C. must become a woman of letters, as a matter of course. Mr. Chubbuck was the brother of the once quite celebrated "Fanny Forester" (Emily Chubbuck), who married the Rev. Dr. Judson, Baptist missionary to India. She was brought into notice by N. P. Willis in the old *Mirror*, and was one of the first, if not the first, to adopt the pseudonym which has led to so many of the "Fannies," "Minnies," "Sophies," etc., of magazine and newspaper literature.

—Count Leopold Schwabe, of Boston, well known throughout the country as "the soldiers' friend," has again been the recipient of a token of appreciation and respect. This time it is the members of the Academies of Music of Europe who have presented to the count a beautiful medallion in recognition of his courtesy and hospitality toward the foreign musicians during their stay in Boston, on the occasion of the late Jubilee in that city. The medallion is of elegant design and workmanship, and is made of solid gold, richly ornamented with precious stones. In the centre is a fine portrait of Count Schwabe, and surrounding it are similar portraits of Colonel Fludyers, of England; Bernard Dwyer, Esq., of Ireland; Herr Saro, of Germany; Johan Strauss, of Austria; and La Fontaine, of France. This medallion has recently arrived in this city, and has been greatly admired by all who have seen it. At the Vienna Exposition it attracted much attention.

—Mr. Henry J. Loaring having endeavored to throw into the realm of doubt the authorship of *Old Grimes*, the Providence *Journal*, of which the graceful Senator Anthony is editor, takes up the intellectual shillalah, and raps the presumptuous H. J. L. on the caput, thus: "This is not the first time that the question of the authorship of *Old Grimes* has been brought to public notice. Having accidentally discovered the facts, we give them publicity. Mr. Greene was the author of all excepting the first stanza. This stanza he found in some collection of English ballads, and seizing the idea and enjoying the humor of the verse, he wrote the other stanzas of the poem in the same conceit—the first two lines descriptive of the character, while the last two lines are descriptive of the dress of the old gentleman. Mr. Greene states that it was published in a Providence paper in 1823. We have, however, as yet failed to discover it in the Providence papers of that year. In the earliest republication of it which we have seen it was copied from the Providence *Gazette*, but we have never found it in that paper. The precise date when it was written we have not learned. Griswold, in his *Poets and Poetry*, says it was written in the year in which Mr. Greene entered Brown University. This was 1817, when Mr. Greene entered as a Sophomore." Substantially, then, the difficulty seems to be narrowed down to a matter of tint, for it is conceded by all parties that the garment was securely fastened in front.

—What would the fitful American do if bereft of his whittle? Mrs. Trollope said that on certain Western rivers beside each plate was placed a jackknife and piece of pine. George W. Knox, of Cleveland, Ohio, has arrived at the distinction of being the deftest whittler in the Buckeye State, and is now engaged on what is intended to be the crowning effort of his existence. It is for the Philadelphia Centennial, and will reveal the subtlest powers of his art. He has a plank over twelve feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and two inches thick, which he is engaged, during his leisure hours, in working up on a design of wondrous ingenuity and beauty.

—Speaking of the late ex-Lord Chancellor of England, Lord Westbury, the London *Law Magazine* says that he was early in life a candidate for a fellowship in Oriel College, Oxford, and was defeated by the celebrated John Henry Newman, one of the most learned and scholarly writers of the day. His professional practice was lucrative, and increased from the time he was called to the bar, in 1823, until he accepted the Chancellorship. When he had the office of Attorney-General his income was computed at £25,000 a year. During the twenty years that he was leader of the Chancery bar there was not a case of importance in which he was not engaged. He pleaded successively before Lords Lyndhurst, Truro, St. Leonards, Cranworth, and Campbell. The late Vice-Chancellor of England, Sir Lancelot Shadwell, had so high an opinion of Bethell that the lawyers started the riddle, "Why is Shadwell like King Jeroboam?—Because he has set up an idol in Bethell."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

New York is reputed to be a very wicked city, but it is well supplied with religious teaching. Its churches number 350, or one to each 3000 inhabitants. The first erected on the island was of the Dutch Reformed faith, and was placed within the fort, where Castle Garden now stands. Next came the Episcopalians, and then the Presbyterians and Methodists and Baptists. The distribution of the churches and their money value are shown in the following table, which we take from the New York *Times*:

	Churches.	Capacity.	Value.
Episcopal.........	72	55,000	$15,000,000
Presbyterian......	52	45,000	6,500,000
Roman Catholic..	41	60,000	6,500,000
Methodist.........	50	48,000	3,000,000
Baptist...........	31	26,000	2,000,000
Reformed Dutch..	21	17,000	5,500,000
Synagogues.......	26	18,000	2,500,000
Lutheran.........	18	12,000	1,500,000
Universalist......	6	5,000	500,000
Congregational...	5	5,000	1,000,000
Unitarian.........	4	3,500	600,000
Friends...........	3	3,000	400,000
Miscellaneous.....	20	11,000	1,000,000
Total.........	349	308,500	$46,000,000

According to the *Times*, only thirty of the city ministers receive over $5000 per annum from their congregations, and not more than half of them as much as $2500. This statement, however, is misleading: the Methodists and Roman Catholics provide furnished homes for their ministers, in addition to their salaries. Thus a Methodist pastor who has a salary of $2000 may also receive for his use a furnished house worth, at a moderate rental, $2000 more.

The seventh meeting of the General Council of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in America began in Erie, Pennsylvania, October 10. The Rev. Dr. C. P. Krauth was elected president. The second and third days' sessions were spent in a discussion of the doctrine of justification by faith. The ten synods in connection with the Council reported 168,000 communicants. There are, besides this body, the General Synod of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the United States, the Evangelical Lutheran Synod of the South, and the Synodical Conference, and also several synods which are independent of them all. These bodies adhere to the Augsburg Confession, but differ in their interpretation of some of its points. A communication was received by the Council from the General Synod, proposing an exchange of delegates. This was declined, and in place of it a Conference of all Lutherans of the United States, at a time and place to be named, was suggested. The Council selected seven ministers and seven laymen to represent it in making arrangements for such a Conference. Prompted by the great success of the Evangelical Alliance, the holding of an Evangelical Lutheran Alliance is mooted. Nothing could be better than the union of the several branches of this important Protestant body.

Father Grassi, whose secession from the Roman Catholic Church was noted last week, has been summoned before the Inquisition at Rome. It seems unaccountable to us here in the United States, in view of the fall of the temporal power, that he was afraid of receiving harm from the inquisitors. Mr. Van Meter, the Baptist missionary in Rome, tells the story thus: "When we entered the waiting-room we were promised permission to enter the Chamber of Inquisition, but they desired to see him a moment alone. Then came the moment of trial, which only one in his position and in such a place can understand. 'God will take care of me. I will go in alone and testify to the truth.' He entered, and the door was shut. We waited and prayed that he might be thoroughly filled with the spirit of Jesus when before Pilate. Soon loud and earnest talking was heard. Again and again admission was requested, but promised and denied. Some friends and a converted government officer stood in the street awaiting any signal that might be given. The most of the time I stood on the balcony, ready to give the signal if necessary. By-and-by this dear brother came out, and pressing my hand to his heart, said, 'E finito! è finito!' (It is finished! it is finished!). The curse was pronounced upon him; but he had boldly defended the truth, and denounced his accusers."

The power of cursing *ought* to be all that is left to the Roman Inquisition, and even that should be restrained in the interest of good morals. It is getting to be sheer profanity.

Bishop Mermillod has issued a sentence of interdict against the three Old Catholic curés just elected in Geneva. All three have taken the oath of allegiance to the state, and at last accounts it was expected that Father Hyacinthe would be put in possession of the Church of St. Germain.

The correspondence between the Pope and the Emperor is the subject of general comment by the press of all Europe. Special attention is given to the fact that the Emperor's letter dissipates all suspicion of disagreement between himself and Bismarck upon matters of ecclesiastical policy. He is not personally opposed to the manner in which the laws of the empire are applied. The spirit with which the Emperor meets the claim that all baptized persons—himself being one—are under the Pope's jurisdiction is highly approved. Such a claim upon a Protestant ruler is very offensive, and it is met with decision.

The annual report of the American Church Missionary Society (Protestant Episcopal) shows receipts for the year to the amount of $65,508. The Evangelical Knowledge Society of the same Church reports, as receipts from sales and contributions, $27,018; the Evangelical Education Society, $25,719. All of these societies held their annual meetings in Philadelphia last month.

The General Missionary Convention of the "Disciples of Christ" was held this year in Indianapolis, beginning October 21. Its missions are as yet wholly domestic. It was resolved, however, to establish a foreign mission during the coming year. The receipts for the past year have been $96,000. Nine thousand new members are reported as the fruit of the missionary labors of the year; of these three thousand are freedmen. A Bible-school has been established in Louisville, Kentucky, for the education of colored preachers and teachers.

The Free-Will and the Free-Communion Baptists having united, it is now suggested that the union be extended by embracing in it the "Church of God," whose adherents are more commonly known as Winebrennarians. This latter Church numbers thirty thousand members, and practices open communion. The aggregated body would have, it is estimated, forty thousand members.

The question of open or close communion continues to be much discussed among the Baptists of the United States. The Lee Avenue Church, Brooklyn, is reported to be unanimous for open communion. In the First Church of Brooklyn and the Rockville Centre Church, Long Island, there are reported to be open communionists. At a recent meeting of the Long Island Baptist Association a resolution was offered appointing a committee to visit the Lee Avenue Church, and to report next year upon its practice as to the administration of the Lord's Supper. The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, the pastor of this church, offered a substitute "proposing that *all* the churches in the Association be investigated in regard to this question. He then read the platform on which he stood, said his church was a unit on that platform, that its delegates were present to answer for the church, that there was no necessity for such a committee, that the question could be decided then and there, and that he demanded such a decision. He denied the right of the Association to send a committee of investigation, and assured them that if chosen and sent they could obtain no more light than they now had."

After much debate the original resolution, modified, was adopted.

We noted the fact that the Roman Catholic Council held at Westminster under the presidency of Archbishop Manning determined to enter without delay upon the work of promoting university education. The archbishop and bishops of Ireland held a meeting at Dublin on Wednesday, October 15, Cardinal Cullen presiding, at which the following resolutions were passed:

"That with a view to the improvement of Catholic education, and in order to make our university a great centre of Catholic education throughout Ireland, we will take immediate steps to affiliate to it the several colleges, seminaries, and higher schools of our respective dioceses; that we approve and adopt the scheme proposed to our meeting relative to examinations for matriculation and degrees in arts, philosophy, and theology; and that we sanction the arrangements for the creation of bourses and exhibitions, and authorize the University Council to complete and carry out this scheme in all its details.

"That while earnestly exhorting our flocks to support the Catholic University by their generous contributions, and to sustain by their influence our Catholic educational institutions, we renew our most solemn admonitions to Catholic parents to keep their children far away from all condemned colleges and schools.

"That while we sympathize with our people in every legitimate effort to ameliorate the condition and to promote the temporal welfare of our common country, we, as bishops, call upon them to use all constitutional means to uphold the cause of Catholic education, and we pledge ourselves to support, and exhort our people to support, as candidates for Parliamentary honors only those who will, in Parliament and out of Parliament, strenuously sustain our educational rights, which are inseparably bound up with the best interests of religion.

"That the administration, financial and disciplinary, of St. Patrick's House of Residence, Stephen's Green, be confided to the Jesuit Fathers."

At the Ossory Synod of the Irish Episcopal Church the resolutions from the General Synod on the revision of the Prayer-book failed to pass. "A resolution cordially approving of the work of revision was proposed and seconded. The Earl of Desart upon this proposed as an amendment,

"'That this Synod disapproves of the doctrinal changes provisionally passed by the General Synod, as contrary to the preamble of the Constitution of the Church of Ireland, passed at the General Convention, 1870, and calculated to narrow the comprehensiveness of the Prayer-book.'

"This amendment being rejected on a division by forty-two votes against twenty-two, two other amendments, approving of revision in modified language, were successively proposed and rejected; and finally the resolution was put to the vote, and on a division of approval 'by orders' rejected, the votes being as follows: in its favor, ten clerical and thirty-two lay votes; against it, fifteen clerical and nine lay votes. Some other business having been forwarded, the Synod then adjourned."

Twelve English bishops have replied to the memorial recently adopted at a Plymouth anti-confessional meeting, asking them to take measures to arrest the progress of confession in the Church. The *Pall Mall Gazette* sums up the answers thus: "The Archbishop of Canterbury assures the memorialists that the matter shall not fail to receive his due attention. The Bishop of Bath and Wells trusts that the bishops will be able, if well supported by the great body of the

laity, to maintain the integrity of the Reformed Faith. The Bishop of Worcester assures the memorialists that he heartily agrees with them. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol is glad to observe that the resolutions of the meeting are in the same spirit as his recently published letter. The Bishop of Hereford received the resolutions with pleasure, and will give the subject his best attention. The Bishop of Chichester agrees with the memorialists that it is the duty of the bishops to the full extent of their power to discourage attempts to undo the great work of the Reformation. The Bishop of Rochester is sure the subject will have the careful attention of all his episcopal brethren."

The London *Guardian* reports "that there has been a remarkable service, or rather series of services, in Ely Cathedral, to celebrate the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the original monastery by St. ETHELDREDA. Bishop HAROLD BROWNE made it the occasion for taking a dignified and impressive farewell of his diocese; Dean MERIVALE was the fit historian of the past; Sir GILBERT SCOTT described the building; and Canon KINGSLEY assisted in the preaching, which was crowned with the eloquence of the Bishop of Peterborough."

The Free Baptist General Conference of Nova Scotia, which assembled on September 11, adopted a very strongly worded resolution on public education in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We give it in full:

"*Whereas* this and our sister province of New Brunswick enjoy a system of free, unsectarian education established by law; and whereas certain political quibblers and bigoted religionists are endeavoring to obtain a repeal of said law; therefore

"*Resolved*, That this Conference most heartily approve of the unsectarian and free element of our school system as established by law, and deeply deplore any attempt by any person, sect, or party whomsoever to secure repeal, or such modification of the law as gives preference to any class of persons or religionists."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE screw steamer *Diana*, hired by Mr. B. L. SMITH from its owner, Mr. LAMONT, and which left Dundee in May last for Spitzbergen, returned to the same port on Saturday, the 27th of September. The results of the expedition were not all that had been hoped for at its inception, the complete equipment in the line of apparatus for determining temperatures, taking soundings, etc., being of little use, in consequence of the almost continuous stormy weather. Nothing of moment was accomplished in the way of arctic exploration, for the same reason. Much, however, was done by means of the dredge and trawl in collecting interesting objects of natural history, while some excellent photographs were obtained.

One special result of the inquiry was the discovery of cod-fish in large numbers where they had previously been supposed entirely absent. Many fossils, belonging to different orders, were obtained. The problem as to the precise character of the North Cape has been solved by Mr. SMITH, by ascertaining that it is an island, separated by a sound from the main-land.

The northernmost point of the journey was 81°, Mr. SMITH, on a previous occasion, having attained to 81° 24′. It is thought quite probable that there is continuous open water north of Spitzbergen, and it is suggested that if it be possible to reach the region early in the season, this may be made use of in obtaining a high latitude.

The sea-water aquarium at Brighton, England, has been a great success from a commercial point of view, a result no doubt due in part to the extraneous attractions, in the form of concerts, etc., introduced by the directors. The zoological department, however, has not been neglected under the able management of Mr. HENRY LEE, and the supply of new animals, many of them of wonderful form and habit, has been a perpetual source of attraction to the visitors. They have now several porpoises, and the octopus has bred freely in confinement.

The list of deaths in the ranks of men of science has recently been unprecedentedly large. We have just mentioned those of Professors COSTE and J. CHACORNAC, and now add to them Professor DONATI, director of the Astronomical Observatory at Florence, who died of cholera on the 20th of September at Vienna, and Professor CZERMAK, an eminent physiologist, who died at Leipsic on the 18th of September. The latter is well known for his special physiological researches, and particularly by being in great part the inventor of the laryngoscope.

Great satisfaction is expressed in scientific circles in England at the appointment of Mr. ADAMS as Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works in the place of Mr. AYRTON, whose interference with Dr. HOOKER in the management of the Kew Botanic Gardens excited so much indignation last year.

The English scientific papers allude with great regret to the resignation by Baron FERDINAND VON MÜLLER of the post which he has so long held of director of the Botanic Gardens at Melbourne. Baron MÜLLER's contributions to botanical science have been both numerous and important, especially with regard to the flora of the colony, and he has rendered essential service to the government by the introduction into Victoria of a number of foreign trees and other economical plants, and the acclimatization in other countries where the climate is favorable of the natives of the colony. His resignation is understood to be connected with a determination on the part of one of the government officials to turn the Melbourne Botanic Gardens from their proper purpose, and convert them into a mere fashionable pleasure-ground.

A work has just been published on the tourmaline by Dr. HAMLIN, of Maine, so well known as a specialist on the subject of gems, and as having one of the finest private collections in the United States. He makes special reference to the beautiful and matchless crystals found in the State of Maine, and gives four very fine illustrations in color by PRANG. He also claims the tourmaline to be the most interesting of all the gems, when we come to consider the beauty and diversity of its color, the complexity of its composition, and the wonders of its physical properties. When the mineral equals the blue and red sapphire, the emerald, or the topaz in color, he considers it equal in value to either of the above gems, and this view is supported by the eminent Professor BEUDANT, of Paris.

The naturalists connected with the Yellowstone expedition of the summer of 1873 have all returned from the field, and are at present engaged in preparing reports for transmission to the Secretary of War. The opportunities furnished by the occasion were not so good as had been hoped for, the region proving to be much more destitute of animal and vegetable life than anticipated. Every thing was done, however, by them that the circumstances would allow, while all the facilities that could possibly be asked were kindly tendered by the commanding officer, General STANLEY. The constant movement of the troops prevented much from being done that would otherwise have been accomplished, as out of ninety-six days spent in the field, marches of greater or less extent were prosecuted during seventy-six of them, while fifteen of the remaining twenty were spent at a locality very unfavorable for collecting. Heavy rains, too, impeded the operations both of the troops and the naturalists.

The distance traveled each day was nearly fourteen miles, averaging at least eight hours a day, and sometimes extending to fourteen. Under these unfavorable circumstances it is a matter of congratulation that so much was actually accomplished by the scientific corps, their collections, indeed, embracing a full series of every thing met with in the form of animal and vegetable life. The collections of butterflies and of plants were especially rich; of fossils not many were obtained, but among them will doubtless be found some new species. Among these was a large ammonite, three feet in diameter, presented to the party by Lieutenant P. H. RAY. A few uncharacteristic bones of fossil vertebrates were picked up, but the expedition failed to reach any of the great bone deposits of the Mauvaises Terres, as they had hoped to do.

The temperature was very warm during most of the journey, ranging from 94° to 112° in the shade. A great number of interesting photographic views were secured, while the landscape sketches by Mr. KONOPICKY were of extreme beauty, representing faithfully the features of the country.

The history of the daily marches of the Yellowstone expedition and the general character of the country has been given by a correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in a series of admirable sketches published in that paper.

An Association for the Reform of Academical Teaching has recently been formed in England, including among its members a large number of the most eminent scientific teachers, and having for its main object to promote the diversion of a portion of the enormous revenues of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge from the purposes to which they are now largely applied to what the association considers their more legitimate and original function, the encouragement and endowment of scientific research.

Among the recent additions to the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge is a very complete specimen of pterodactyl, which is believed by Professor AGASSIZ to be one of the most perfect illustrations of the genus extant. It has already furnished him the means of correcting some important errors, its special value being in the fact that the two sides are preserved upon corresponding plates, such details as are not appreciable in one plate being evident in the other.

The restorations by WAGLER and GOLDFUSS are proved by this specimen to be imperfect or unnatural; that of the former, in regard to the bend of the articulations of the fore-arm, and the omission of the metacarpal joint; that of the latter, in the suppression of an entire joint of the hand, the metacarpal part of the whole hand having been overlooked. The number of fingers also appears to have been incorrectly stated, the specimen of Professor AGASSIZ showing only three short fingers in the hand and four perfect ones in the foot. This is the case, at least, in the type of *P. longirostris*.

The Zoological Society of London has been fortunate in rearing the more important animals born there recently, all the four lion cubs and the hippopotamus (Guy Fawkes) born in the course of last year being still alive, though the magnificent mother of the lion cubs died a few months after their birth. They have still the chimpanzee (Joe), which shakes hands with visitors, and performs many other tricks at the word of command. The gardens were probably never in a state of greater efficiency.

The recent meeting of the British Association, held at the worsted manufacturing town of Bradford, in Yorkshire, and presided over by Professor A. W. WILLIAMSON (in consequence of the illness of Dr. JOULE, the president appointed last year), was not a very brilliant one, nor very largely attended. Many of the papers were of great scientific value; but there was no one incident of surpassing interest, like the appearance of Mr. STANLEY, the discoverer of Dr. LIVINGSTONE, at the Brighton meeting last year. The next meeting is to be held at Belfast, Ireland, under the presidency of Dr. TYNDALL.

The report recently presented by the royal commission appointed on scientific instruction in England contains a very large amount of evidence presented by scientific men of eminence. The tendency of the great mass of the evidence is in favor of the more direct encouragement of science by the state, especially in those researches the remuneration of which comes only after the lapse of a long time, but which may nevertheless ultimately be of great economical importance. The increase of the number of professorships, and rendering the emoluments independent of the number of pupils, are strongly urged by some. An unfavorable contrast is drawn by some of the witnesses between the encouragement afforded to science by the English government and that extended by the governments of France and of the United States.

According to the Rochester *Daily Union* of September 10, Mr. SETH GREEN has lately received from Tidiout, a branch of the Alleghany River, a genuine shad, presumed to be the progeny of the stock deposited by Mr. GREEN in the Alleghany River at Salamanca in July of 1872, in behalf of the United States, and at the instance of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. The fish is said to have been thirteen and a half inches long, and well developed, representing a little more than one year's growth of this kind of fish.

It is suggested by the editor that this fish had probably been down to the sea, and had returned. This, however, if true, would express a somewhat different habit from that which has been supposed to characterize the shad, namely, that they spend at least two years in the salt-water before coming back to the place of birth, or where they were deposited in the water.

If there is no mistake in regard to the identification of this specimen as the true shad, we have here a very important argument in favor of the propriety of continuing the attempt at introducing shad into Western rivers. The experiment in the Alleghany River was considered somewhat doubtful in view of the fact that the fish in moving to the sea would necessarily pass through a long extent of water poisoned by petroleum, and unsuited for the respiration of fishes.

The expedition of Professor HAYDEN is about drawing to a close, and several divisions of the party are already on the way to the East. The extreme point of the survey was reached on the 8th of September, at Rocky Creek, Colorado Territory. The party under Mr. GANNETT were at that date about proceeding to Middle Park, intending to examine on their way the Mountains of the Holy Cross and the Blue River Range. It has been proposed by the party to change the name of the Sierra Madre Mountains to that of National Range, and the two lofty peaks hitherto known as the Twin Mountains are to be called White House and Capitol.

Nearly a score of peaks, measuring from twelve to fourteen thousand feet in height, have been found by the party; but the most striking general result of the expedition, in the opinion of Professor HAYDEN, is the discovery that the vast bodies of sandstone in this region, with the overlying cretaceous shales, are identical with those thrown up on the eastern foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. From this it would seem that in the cretaceous period the great plains had outstretched far beyond that point to the westward, and that the uplifting of the strata and the outpouring of the material of the mountains, with all the vast amount of erosion that has occurred in the existing ranges, must have taken place since that time.

According to *Nature*, the Berlin medical journals record the death, from cholera, on August 20, of Dr. OTTO OBERMEIER. His death is supposed to have been the immediate consequence of his intense devotion to science. Having too great confidence in his power of resisting infection, in consequence of not having taken fever during his investigations on that disease, he kept in his bedroom pathological specimens taken from persons who had died of cholera, and also portions of their excreta, and it is believed that in this way he became infected. According to one account, he injected some blood from cholera patients into his own vessels. He was so devoted to his inquiry that, after he had become aware of the condition in which he was, he made some microscopic examinations on his own blood. His death occurred, after an illness of seven hours, in the thirty-first year of his age.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A GENTLEMAN saw his boy in front of the house throwing a ball in the air one evening. He hadn't played ball himself for thirty years, and knew nothing of the kind of ball base-ball clubs have introduced in the last few years, but he felt the old spirit rising in him at the memory of former triumphs, and he held up his hands, and told his son to "let her slide." She slid. He caught it full and fair, and then dropped it, and started into the house, with his eyes full of tears, and his hands pressed under his arms. The youth subsequently informed another boy that he could plainly hear the "old man's" bones snap.

A person who believed in dreams was recommended by his physician just before going to bed to eat two pig's feet and a cold apple-pie. In less than an hour he saw a snake larger than a hawser devouring light blue-haired children which had just escaped from a monster with sorrel eyes and a red-hot overcoat.

An arithmetical genius, seven years old, in a public school, has figured up the wheat crop, and makes out that it is enough to furnish flour to put a pancake two inches wide and the eighth of an inch thick around the earth, "if a cook could be found equal to the making of the pancake."

A celebrated doctor—celebrated almost as much for his love of good living as for his professional skill—called upon an eccentric nobleman, whom he found sitting alone at a very nice dinner. After some time, the doctor, receiving no invitation to partake of it, said, "My dear lord, if I were in your lordship's place, I should say, 'Pray, doctor, do as I am doing!'" "A thousand pardons for the omission," replied his lordship. "Pray, then, my dear doctor, do as I am doing—go home and eat your own dinner!"

The Boston *Globe* gives its readers a poem on "Annexion," of which the following is a sample:

"Old Boston sits on the rim of the hub
And watches the spokes go round;
'Those outside fellows are tired,' says she,
'With rolling over the ground.

"'I scarcely know how the thing will work,
But I've a mind to begin,
And see if the wheel won't run as well
If I quietly gather them in.'

"So she stretched out her hand to the outer rim,
Gave a pensive, child-like grin,
And whenever a fellow yearned to come,
She greedily gathered him in."

The imaginative poet goes on, bringing into the "Hub" all the big cities of the world one after another, until the climax comes with,

"But the trouble was, when the thing was done,
There came the end of the world."

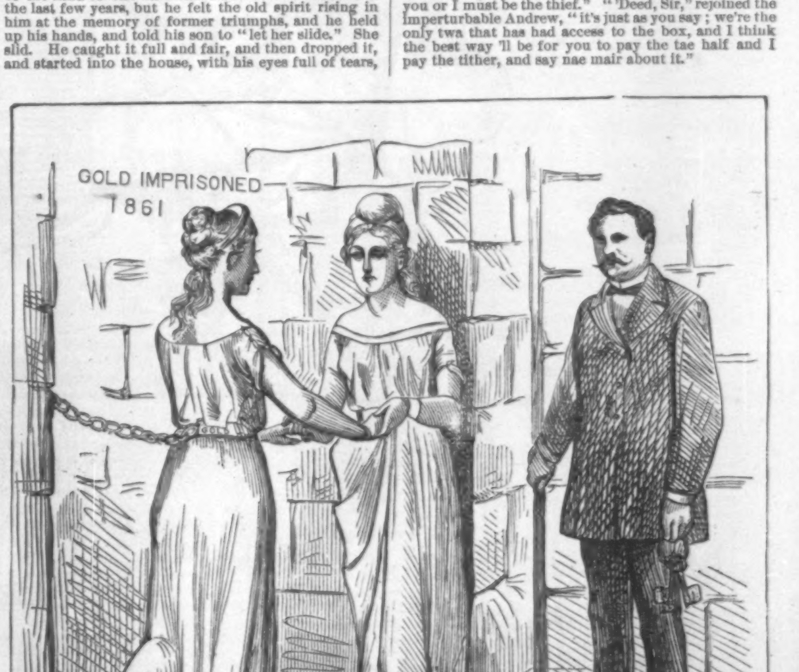
Thompson is not going to do any thing more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

An accomplished young American actress, who is a great favorite wherever she appears, being at a dinner-table in Boston a few days ago, the servant, putting on the fruit and sweetmeats, after the cloth was removed, upset one of the dishes and scattered the contents. "See," says our quick-witted friend, "he has wasted his sweetness on the *dessert*-table!"

"What," exclaimed the accomplished and fashionable Fitzwiggle to the exquisitely lovely Miss De La Sparrowgrass—"what would you be, dearest, if I should press the stamp of love upon those sealing-wax lips?" "I," responded the fairy-like creature, "should be—*stationery!*"

"When was Rome built?" asked a school committee man of the first class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night!" exclaimed the astonished examiner; "how do you make that out?" "Why, I thought every body knew that Rome wasn't built in a day."

In a Scotch country parish a church officer filled that office and that of grave-digger for the long space of fifty years. Suspicions had long been entertained that he was in the habit of helping himself out of the collection plate whenever opportunity permitted. It was difficult, of course, to prove this. At last, however, the sum of one pound was abstracted from a missionary box which stood in the vestry, and every thing combined to point out this man as the culprit. The elders told the minister that something must really be done. The minister said, "Leave him to me, and I'll see what can be done." The following Sabbath, after the forenoon service, the minister was taking off his gown and bands, and, being alone in the vestry with the suspected man, he thought the opportunity was too good to be lost, so he said, "Andrew, have you heard of the money that is missing from the box?" "Oh, ay," said Andrew, "I was hearing something about it." "Andrew," continued the other, very gravely, "the matter lies between you and me. We are the only two who have access to the box. Either you or I must be the thief." "'Deed, Sir," rejoined the imperturbable Andrew, "it's just as you say; we're the only twa that has had access to the box, and I think the best way 'll be for you to pay the tae half and I pay the tither, and say nae mair about it."

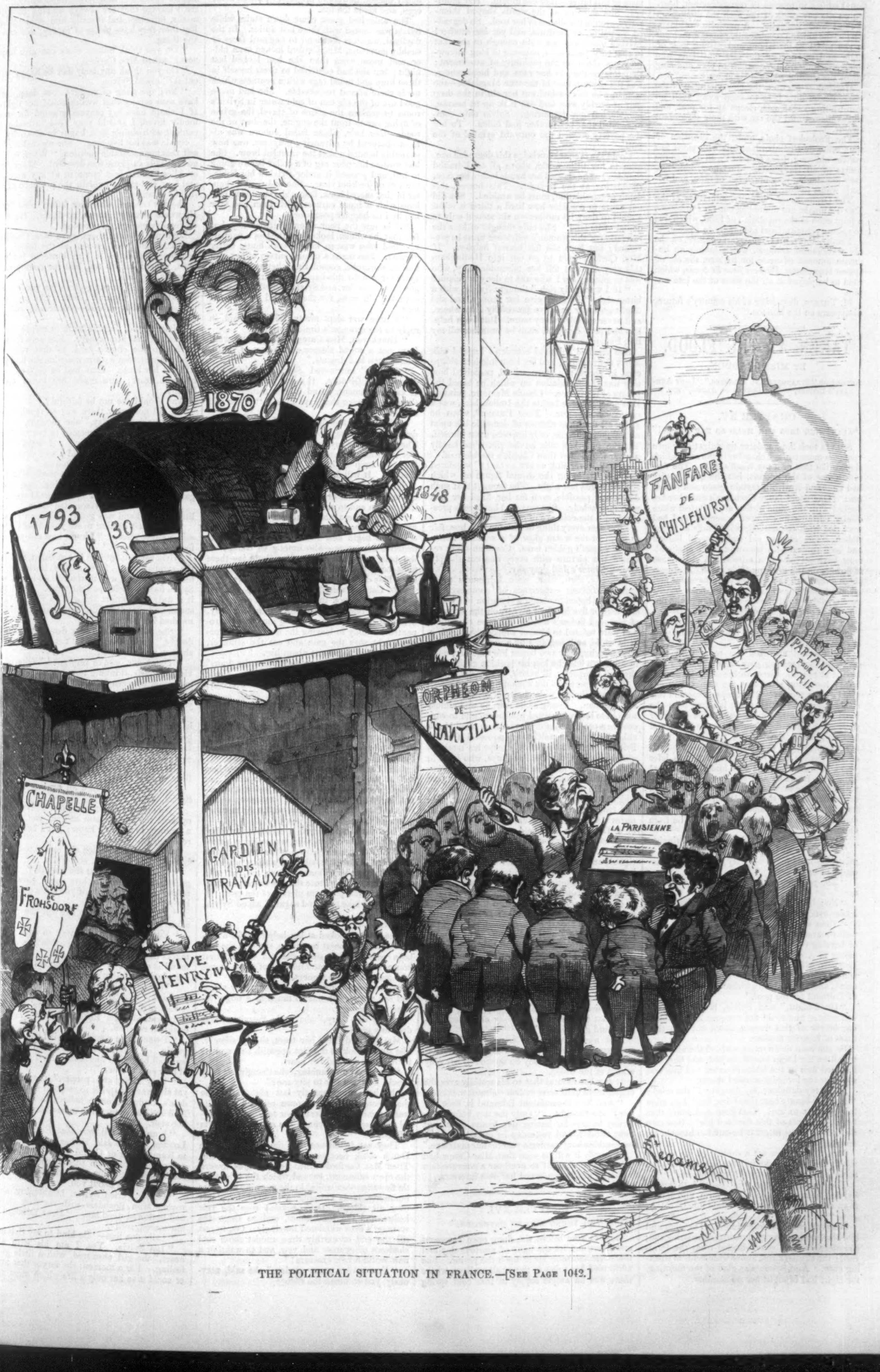


THE RELEASE OF SILVER.

GOLD. "Good-by, dear Silver."
SILVER. "Cheer up, my Golden Darling! you will soon follow me."

THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

FARMER "GRANGER." "I say, Mr. Wildcat Speculator, what am I to do now?"
RAILROAD "MONOPOLIST." "Solve your own Problem, Mr. Farmer Despot."



THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN FRANCE.—[SEE PAGE 1042.]

THE SITUATION IN FRANCE.

OUR illustration on the preceding page gives an excellent bird's-eye view of the present political situation in France. It presents the national edifice in process of reconstruction, bearing on the key-stone of the arch the monogram of the French Republic. A patriotic workman, type of the sincere republicans, pauses a moment in the midst of his labors, and casts a look of anger and scorn upon the idle musicians who come crowding from Versailles to play and sing under the staging where he is at work.

Marshal M'MAHON, the new guardian of the work, whose duty it is to keep away such intermeddling vagabonds, sleeps at his post, and leaves them to fill the air with their discordant strains.

The Frohsdorf choir, under the direction of the Comte de Chambord, chants with pious fervor the old song, *Vive Henri IV.*, so dear to the hearts of all legitimists. Just now, however, they are singing very much out of tune, and nobody wants to hear them.

The Orpheons of Chantilly, adherents of the Duc d'Aumale, are mumbling out *La Parisienne*, a faint echo of the revolution of 1830, which was to restore constitutional monarchy to France.

Finally, PAUL DE CASSAGNAC executes on the old Chiselhurst trumpet, which makes an immense amount of noise for its size, the air of Queen HORTENSE, *Partant pour la Syrie*, which used to be played at all the fêtes of the late empire.

M. THIERS, despairing of his country's future, disappears on the horizon.

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

"ALAS! OUR LIPS ARE HELD SO FAR APART!"

SYLVIA took the wanderer up stairs to her own room—a mere cottage chamber in the roof, which sloped like that of a toy Noah's Ark. The furniture was of the poorest, but the girl's vanity had endowed it with a certain grace and prettiness. One could fancy Gretchen's chamber bedecked with the same girlish art. Purest white dimity curtains and draped casement and bed were tied back coquettishly with knots of green ribbon. The clumsy old walnut-wood bureau had been rubbed with bees-wax till it might almost have served for a mirror. A china vase of flowers on the dressing-table made the atmosphere sweet with the scent of fresh lavender and spice-breathing carnations. The bare boards were scrubbed to spotless whiteness, and the oblong patch of faded carpet beside the narrow bed was neatly bordered with a cheap worsted fringe. The girl's aspiration for the beautiful was visible in every detail.

Mrs. Carford surveyed the room with that mournful, deprecating gaze with which she had looked at Sylvia. Sweet shrine of innocent girlhood! how long since she, the sinner, had entered such a temple? There was a charm in this cottage chamber which made it fairer than the handsomest apartment her varied life had ever shown her, from the luxury of satin-wood and looking-glass in the Kilburn villa to the more tawdry splendor of Continental hotels. And after the garrets that had sheltered her in later years, how gracious was this humble chamber! True that in shape and size it was hardly superior to those attics in the purlieus of Holborn or the outskirts of the City Road, but its purity, its neatness, its perfume of flowers and sweet country air, made it different as Paradise from Orcus.

"What a pretty room!" she said, falteringly.

"Pretty!" cried Sylvia, scornfully; "it's a miserable little hole, but I try to make it as decent as I can."

"Ah, you don't know what London rooms are!"

"No; but I thought London was delightful. I hear every one praise it."

"Then they have never known what it is to walk its streets penniless. Those endless stretches of burning pavement under a July sun! What desert in Africa can be worse? There are two Londons, Miss Carew: one lies to the west, and is a Paradise for the rich; the other spreads east, north, and south, always widening, and is a Place of Torment for the poor."

"Good-night," said Sylvia, briefly, but not unkindly. She could not conquer her shuddering horror of this woman, could not own that mass of rags for mother.

So she went down stairs, and left the wanderer to fall on her knees beside the bed, and bury her haggard face in the white coverlet, and kiss and sob over the lavender-scented sheets.

"Oh, my daughter, my daughter!" she cried; "may thy beauty bear thee fairer fruit than mine has brought to me! God keep and guard thee from the snares of this troubled life! God give thee the lowliest lot, if it be but too humble for temptation!"

Mrs. Carford was not a student of the human mind, and did not know that in some unquiet souls temptation may be self-engendered.

The temptation that was destined to attack Sylvia Carew took no common form, and sprang from the depths of her own subtle mind.

* * * * * * *

Morning came, fresh and fair. Thrushes and blackbirds sang their glad carols to the rising sun; chanticleer's keen voice shrilled from the farmyard; the sky-lark rose above wide fields of ripening corn. And Sylvia was glad of the morning, for night had brought her no slumber.

She had been lying broad awake on the sofa—which made a comfortable bed enough—thinking of that woman up stairs, thinking of her with anguish that gnawed her heart, until she fancied that no joys of after-days could ever take the taste of this bitter out of her mouth. Her mother! She shivered as the words shaped themselves, even in the silence of her soul. So degraded, so guilty, so destitute, and yet *her* mother! Sylvia's mind was not wide enough to see that in that very destitution, outcome of long sorrowful years, there lay the sublimity of atonement; that this mother, in her rags and helplessness, was the modern type of the true Magdalen—the woman who has washed out her sin in the deep gulf of earthly woe, and can look up to heaven, humble, but not despairing. Sylvia only comprehended that her mother had fallen. To her the poverty seemed the outward symbol of the fall.

Could she ever acknowledge this degraded one, even to her little world, above all to Edmund Standen? She clasped her hands before her face, shuddering at the thought. This horror, this depth of humiliation, must be avoided. She did not pause to consider how hard a thing it is for a child to deny its mother—a sin second only to denial of its God. She only thought of how the revelation of this woman's existence must be prevented; but here she felt herself helpless. If Mrs. Carford were to go out into Hedingham this very day and tell her miserable story, who was to gainsay her? who was to deny her claim?

"If I were only rich," thought Sylvia, with a bitter sigh, "I would give her money, and she might go away and live peacefully somewhere, and never trouble us any more. But I am helpless and penniless, and shall be penniless all my life, I suppose."

She recalled Edmund Standen's hopeful talk about their future; and her keen intellect, sharpened in necessity's stern school, perceived how airy was the foundation on which he based the pillars of his palace. Claude Melnotte, painting that fancied home beside the Italian lake, was a conscious impostor. Poor Edmund, when he glibly set forth the charms of domestic life upon an unknown income, only imposed upon himself. Yet the suburban villa he described had hardly a surer foundation than Claude's marble roof.

"Shall I ever sink as low as *that?*" wondered Sylvia—*that* being the dismal figure on which she had gazed last night. The thought that such decay was possible, even for her, filled her soul with melancholy. She surveyed her lover's prospects with the cold eye of common-sense.

Love sees every thing in his own rose hue, fair as earth in the warm glow of a summer morning, or sunset's golden haze. Common-sense revealed the picture with every line cut sharply against winter's dull gray sky.

Seriously, then, what were Edmund's prospects? Without experience of commerce or finance, he hoped to obtain a situation in a bank, and four or five hundred a year, on the strength of his dead father's name. Suppose the situation were refused to him, or suppose he held it a little while, and, beguiled by a seeming promise of prosperity, they two began life together, until in some evil hour he lost his position at the bank through incapacity, ill health, or sheer ill luck.

The prospect was not enchanting.

Nor was there a wide choice of occupation for Mr. Standen. Young as he was, he was almost too old to begin a learned profession, and to succeed in a profession nowadays a man should have either superlative talent or powerful friends. Friends Edmund had none, except his mother's grand relations, the De Bossinnys, who lived in a stony-looking mansion in the far west of Cornwall, and were unknown beyond the nearest post town. He was certainly clever, in the way in which five young men out of ten are clever. He had read a good deal, could talk well, possessed tastes decidedly intellectual; but of the genius of a Thurlow, a Blomfield, a Paget, he had as yet shown the world no indication.

Sylvia turned upon her sleepless couch and sighed, and hated Mrs. Standen a little more vehemently than before. Edmund was made to be a country gentleman of the new school—intelligent, philanthropic, useful in the vestry and at quarter sessions, and destined in ripe middle age to blossom into a member of Parliament. This was his vocation; and missing this, what could he be but a waif and a stray, a mere weed tossed upon life's troubled ocean? And in a fate so uncertain, his fellow-weed Sylvia had no wish to be entangled.

"But I love him too dearly to give him up," she said to herself, with another twist of her restless head upon that sleep-refusing pillow. "I never, never could give him up. Yet I almost wish that he could see the folly of our engagement and give *me* up."

Last night—before the coming of that fatal stranger—she had considered her father an inexorable tyrant. To-day he seemed to her only a man of the world.

It was but natural that to his worldly eyes the engagement must seem foolish—almost to idiotcy.

"And how inconsistent Edmund is, poor fellow!" she thought. "Only the day before yesterday he was for having our banns given out next Sunday, and yesterday he talked as coolly as possible about waiting a year for our marriage."

Whereby it will be seen that Miss Carew had taken it upon herself to overhear a conversation which so nearly concerned her own interests.

CHAPTER XVI.

"SO YOUNG AND SO UNTENDER."

SYLVIA rose before six, flung open casement and door, and let the light of glorious day and the sweet morning air in upon the parlor. She performed her toilet in the small scullery, where there was an ample supply of that cold spring water which is beauty's best balm. Then, arrayed in her neat print dress—washed and ironed by her own hands, and always fresh—she swept and dusted the sitting-room, lit the kitchen fire, laid the breakfast-table, gathered a bunch of newly opened flowers to brighten it, boiled some eggs, and made the tea.

The uninvited guest came down stairs while Sylvia was busied with these last duties. In the daylight, which is no friend to haggard faces or shabby garments, Mrs. Carford looked even older and more worn than she had looked last night; but she had contrived to dress herself in those limp and faded rags with a neatness which made them almost respectable. She had made good use of the big can of cold water in Sylvia's room to remove the stains of travel, the grime of flying smuts from the engine, the dust of the road. Her hair, whose faded auburn was almost obscured by advancing grayness, was now smoothly banded across the troubled brow. She had washed her poor rag of a collar before going to bed, and pressed it under Sylvia's big Bible, the gift of the kind vicar. She had read a chapter in that sacred book, before she lay down, perhaps with a more earnest spirit than had ever inspired its happier possessor.

Sylvia saw the poor attempt at decency, but felt that the woman looked not the less a pauper. She had seen women in the work-house better dressed. She made a mental survey of her own limited wardrobe, considering whether she could spare a gown for this hapless creature. But the gowns were so few, and Sylvia needed them all—even the old ones, for they helped to save the new.

"I hope you slept pretty well," she said, in reply to the stranger's timid salutation.

"Thank you, Miss Carew. Yes, pretty well. I am not a sound sleeper at the best of times. I have such bad dreams."

"Indeed," murmured Sylvia, coldly. She dared not be friendly. It might give the intruder encouragement. And in her restless heart there was a voice that kept saying, "When will she go?"

"Dreams of the dead—or of those who are dead to me—for my dead are among the living. They visit me in my dreams, and are even kind. Yet the dreams are sad, because I know they are false. I keep saying to myself, 'It is only a shadow. It will fade!'"

Sylvia gave a faint sigh, and then began to cut bread-and-butter with a business-like air, as if to put an end to sentimentality.

"If there were not another world, where all wrongs shall be righted—where we shall be permitted to begin new lives, warned by the experience of sorrow—who among us could bear the pain we suffer here? But there is—there must be a better life. Christ did not deceive us. This dark riddle will be solved above."

Mrs. Carford raised her eyes to the summer heaven with a look that made them once more beautiful. She was standing in the doorway, drinking in the fresh morning air. Sylvia repented her folly in leaving the door open. People might pass the gate and see the stranger, and be moved to inquire about her.

"You had better come away from the door," she said. "The morning air is chilly. Come and sit down to your breakfast. You needn't wait for papa—he's always late."

Mrs. Carford divined the motive of this polite speech.

"You don't want me to be seen," she said, coming away from the door.

"Oh," said Sylvia, blushing, "it isn't exactly that; but people in Hedingham do talk so."

Mrs. Carford gave a little sigh, and seated herself in the place indicated. Sylvia could not avoid taking the opposite chair, before the teapot, and thus the two found themselves seated face to face, for the first time within the memory of one of them.

The other remembered a smartly furnished nursery in a suburban villa, and a little petted child of two years old, in a white muslin frock bedizened with blue ribbons, sitting up in a high chair, pouring make-believe tea out of a toy tea-pot. The picture she saw to-day strangely recalled that phantom picture of the past.

"Do you take milk and sugar?" asked Sylvia, politely.

"Who—I?"

The woman looked at her helplessly for a moment, and then burst into tears, the first she had been seen to shed since she had entered that house, save by the watchful eyes of those angels who guard penitent sinners.

Sylvia looked distressed, but kept her place, and did not stretch out so much as a finger toward the stranger.

"Pray don't cry," she said; "crying never does any good."

Mrs. Carford dried her tears, slowly, silently. She stole a look at the face opposite her, and its indifference pierced her heart.

"But she knows nothing," she thought. "Why should I expect her to pity me?"

She had eaten eagerly last night; but the sharp pangs of hunger once relieved, appetite was languid. She drank her tea, ate one morsel of bread, and declined the egg which Sylvia offered.

They sat in silence till the ticking of the Dutch clock became a painful sound to both. Then Mrs. Carford turned her sad eyes toward the open casement, beyond which the bright little flower garden smiled in the morning sun, bees humming, birds chirping, a look of happiness over all things. Dark beyond rose the yew hedge, and the tombstones, and to these the stranger's eyes wandered longingly. Oh, to rest till the end of earthly time amidst those cool shadows of cypress and yew, and to wake in a new world a new creature!

"You have a pretty garden," she said, nervously, just to break the silence.

"Do you think it pretty? I almost hate it for being the same year after year—the same old hollyhocks; the same scarlet-runners, straggling all over the walks, and climbing up the pear-trees; the same roses; the same earwigs almost, I believe," said Sylvia, impatiently. "At the Vicarage they are always making improvements, ferneries and roseries and wildernesses. But then they have plenty of money, and can do any thing."

"Do you think money alone can give happiness?" asked Mrs. Carford.

"Do you think any body can be happy without it?" asked Sylvia.

"No; the sting of poverty goes deep, but I have seen misery that wealth could not lighten. If I could have my prayers granted for one I fondly loved, I should pray God to make her content with simple joys, happy in obscurity."

Sylvia was not listening. She was asking herself that unanswerable question, "When will she go?" This suspense was dreadful. Mary Peter or Alice Cook might come in at any moment, and how was she to explain the presence of this shabby stranger?

She felt relieved when her father came down. He would arrange matters, no doubt. He could be decisive enough on occasion.

He came into the room, gave Mrs. Carford a cool nod, and took his seat at the table. His daughter ministered to him, buttered his crisp toast, poured out his tea, laid the county newspaper by his plate.

"Thanks. You can go into the garden, Sylvia, while this lady and I talk. She may want my advice about—about—proceeding with her journey."

Sylvia obeyed, nothing loath to escape the oppression of that atmosphere. She went from the garden to the church-yard, to that very spot where in yesterday's warm noontide she had parted from her lover. Here he had clasped her to his true heart; here made her swear eternal fidelity.

And should she not be faithful?

"I did not know there was so much trouble in the world yesterday," she thought, wonderingly, for the time had seemed to her very much out of joint even yesterday. "I wasn't happy then, but I didn't know I had a wretched mother whom I should be ashamed to own."

She threw herself upon the tomb where she had sat after yesterday's parting, and gave a gasping sob, and then a long dejected sigh.

A rustle of drapery sounded close to her, a little gloved hand was gently laid upon hers.

"I was just coming to see you, Miss Carew," said a sweet voice. "I know how sad you must feel about Edmund."

Sylvia sat bolt-upright in a moment, and faced the sympathizer. It was Miss Rochdale, who had been on her way to the school-house when Sylvia flung herself upon the tomb. She thought it a duty to comfort the girl in Edmund's absence, and that despairing self-abandonment had touched her heart.

"She must love him very dearly, to grieve so deeply," she reflected. "Yet I thought her shallow and frivolous."

"Thank you, you're very good," faltered Sylvia, nervously, thinking how best to prevent any encounter between Miss Rochdale and that fatal guest. "I'm sure I didn't think you'd trouble yourself about me."

"Isn't it natural that I should be interested in you?" asked Esther. "Edmund and I have been brought up together like brother and sister. How can I help being interested in—his—future—wife?"

She said the words slowly, as if they were a little strange to her.

"I thought you were all against me," said Sylvia, coldly.

"No one is against you, now. Mrs. Standen opposed the engagement at first, you were such a stranger to her, you know; but I believe she is reconciled to it now."

"Reconciled! When she means to disinherit her son!" cried Sylvia, scornfully.

"Who can tell what she may do? As years go by she may grow to love you. How can she refuse you her affection if you are a good wife to her son?"

"And how are we to live till she relents?" asked Sylvia.

"Edmund will find a way to earn his own living. There is something noble in a man who marks out his own career; and I am sure Edmund is capable of winning success without any help from his father's fortune."

"What a noble scorn of money you rich people have!" said Sylvia.

Esther did not like the girl's tone. Her grief had touched Miss Rochdale's kind heart, her cynicism repelled.

"I want to be your friend, if I can," she said, gently. "When you and Edmund are married we shall be almost like sisters, for I always think of him as a brother."

"Very right and proper," thought Sylvia, yet she was not quick to respond to Miss Rochdale's kindness, or to believe in her sincerity. And she had chosen the most awkward time for her visit.

"I came to tell you that Edmund reached London safely," said Esther, as if he had gone to Kamtchatka or Grand Cairo. "Auntie had a few lines from him this morning, written at the Waterloo Station. Short as the letter was, there was a line about you."

"Really," cried Sylvia, brightening, and favoring Miss Rochdale with the first smile she had bestowed upon her. "Dear Edmund!" she murmured, softly.

"Only one line—'Be kind to my Sylvia.'"

"His Sylvia. Yes, I am his with all my heart," the girl answered, with a little gush of feeling. For a moment she forgot that her lover could give her only a life which must at least

begin with man's vulgar struggle for daily bread. For a moment she forgot that dark vision of a possible future which the sight of Mrs. Carford had evoked.

"We have only known each other three short months, and yet we are all the world to each other," she said, softly. "If any one were to tell me Edmund was dead, it would be the same as if they said the world had come to an end. *My* world would have perished. Strange, isn't it?"

"It is the great mystery of love," answered Esther, calmly. "Now Edmund and I have lived together fourteen years, without one thought of such love as you speak of."

"How could one fall in love with a person one saw every day?" exclaimed Sylvia. "Love must be the beginning of a new life, not the continuation of an old one. I never thought I cared for beautiful landscapes till one day papa took me to Fairlie on the moor, and I looked down from that great height upon a world I had never seen before, and felt a rapture that was like human love. I had heard people talk about the beauty of this place, but I knew it too well to see its prettiness."

"And we are to be friends, Sylvia?" asked Miss Rochdale, with winning sweetness.

"If you like," answered the other, somewhat indifferently. "But I'm sure our house is hardly fit for you to come to with those horrid noisy boys."

"But I like school-children, even if they are noisy. I may come sometimes, may not I, and keep you company for an hour or two when you are dull?"

"Sometimes—oh yes, certainly, if you like. I shall always be glad to see you," answered Sylvia, fondly hoping that Miss Rochdale would not want to go to the school-house to-day. That troublesome guest could hardly be gone yet, however decisive Mr. Carew might be.

"I—I won't ask you to come home with me this morning," she said, trying to seem unconcerned, "for school is just beginning. Hark! you can hear the boys shouting," as shrill peals pierced the still air; "but whenever you like to come, I'm sure I shall be pleased."

"Then I will come once a week while Edmund is away; and I can bring you a new book now and then from the book club. I dare say you are fond of reading," added the young lady, with an unconscious air of superiority. She could only consider Sylvia a young person of lowly station, who might be perhaps a little in advance of other young women of the same degree.

"Yes," answered Sylvia, "books are about the only thing worth living for in such a place as this. I like German books best when I can get them. They set one thinking."

Miss Rochdale looked surprised.

"Do you read German?" she asked.

"Yes, I taught myself French and German before I was fifteen. Papa helped me, of course, but not much."

"You deserve great praise," said Esther.

"I didn't do it for praise," answered Sylvia, carelessly. "I only wanted to read the books I had read about in other books—Goethe, Schiller, Victor Hugo, and so on. I did not want to feel myself shut out of the world they have created."

Esther was surprised. She had been paraded at the slow academical pace through the grammars of the three chief Continental tongues—had read Sylvio Pellico in Italian, a few mild German stories of the Marchen class, adapted to children of six. She could speak French with the nicest adherence to rule, and the Monkhampton accent, imparted by a Swiss-French governess; but as for reading Goethe or Schiller, save in such homeopathic doses as are filtered through the pages of a "Select Reader," Miss Rochdale had never dreamed of such a thing.

She gave a little sigh that was almost envious, if so unselfish a soul could feel envy.

"What a companion this girl must be for Edmund!" she thought, "and how stupid I must seem after her!"

"I shall bring you some of Edmund's books," she said, kindly. "I'm sure he won't mind. And now, good-by. I came here directly after breakfast on purpose to tell you the good news of his safe arrival; but another time I shall come in the afternoon, when you're at leisure."

She squeezed Sylvia's hand and departed. The girl watched her as she walked along the narrow path.

How fresh and bright her pretty peach-colored muslin dress looked, and the neat little black silk jacket and the linen collar, and broad cuffs with massive gold studs; and the dainty little brown straw hat with its graceful feather! Sylvia watched her with a sigh.

"When shall I ever be able to dress as well as that?" she thought. "Simple as those things are, they must have cost ever so much money."

CHAPTER XVII.

"PART NOW, PART WELL, PART WIDE APART."

WHILE Sylvia was in the church-yard, Mr. and Mrs. Carford, *alias* Carew, were coming to an amicable settlement in the school-house parlor.

"Now, my good soul," said the school-master, as his wife sat opposite him with downcast eyes, "I think you must see by this time exactly how matters stand, and that your evil genius could hardly have inspired you with a worse idea than that of coming to seek help from me. It would have been inhuman to turn you out-of-doors last night, so I gave you your daughter's bedroom. But, as your own good sense must show you, it wouldn't do for you to occupy it a second night. You don't want to confess your relationship to Sylvia. I appreciate the delicacy of a reserve which is only natural under the circumstances. When you left your child, seventeen years ago, you forfeited the right to call her daughter. Useless now to say, 'I am your mother.' She would answer in those awful words of the Gospel, 'I never knew you.'"

"True," cried the wanderer, with a convulsive sob.

"Such being the case, the sooner you leave this house and this neighborhood the better. Out of my poverty—my entire income is less than a pound a week—I will give you a sovereign, enough to take you back and repay your landlady's loan. You will, at any rate, be no worse off than when you undertook this foolish journey."

"And no better. Oh, James," cried Mrs. Carford, piteously, "can you do nothing more for me? Let me stop here, and be your servant, your drudge, without wages. I can sleep in a scullery. I shall cost you so little, and no one shall ever hear my lips betray the link between us."

"My good soul," said Mr. Carew, "be reasonable! I could as well afford to keep an elephant as a servant; and to set up a housekeeper would be to set every tongue in Hedingham wagging. People know that I have just enough to feed myself and my daughter. And as to being my drudge, and sleeping in my scullery, surely there is somebody in all the vast world of London who would take you as a drudge without wages. You needn't have come all the way to Hedingham in search of such a situation as that."

"I am not strong, James. I have been out charing, but people complained that I didn't do work enough, and that I set about it awkwardly. They found out that I was a broken-down lady, and that went against me."

"Very sad," exclaimed Mr. Carew, with a sigh, half pity, half impatience. "I see only one resource open to you."

"And what is that?" asked his wife, eagerly.

"An appeal to Mr. Mowbray. Let him give you some small pension, enough to keep you from starving."

"No, James," she answered, with dignity, "I shall never do that. Let the worst come, I *can* starve. It is only six or seven days' pain, and—a paragraph in the newspapers."

She took up the sovereign which her husband had laid upon the table.

"I am sorry to rob you of it, James. But you wouldn't like me to be seen wandering about here. This will take me back to London—the great gulf which swallows up so many sorrows!"

She had brought her bonnet and shawl down stairs with her, knowing that her departure was near. She put them on with her feeble, faltering hands, and was ready to begin her journey.

"Good-by, James," she said, stretching out her hand.

He took it reluctantly, and there was no heartiness in his grasp.

"Say that you forgive me, James. We are both much nearer the grave than when I wronged you."

"It is easy to say forgive. Well, we were both sinners. I have no right to be hard. What was it tempted you to leave me?"

"His love," she answered. "He loved me as you had never done. If you could know how he bore with me in those sorrowful years, till my remorse wore out even his patience. I think he would have been true to the very end, even though he had grown weary. But I thank God for giving me strength to leave him—to tread the stony way of penitence. It has been made very hard to me; but I have never regretted that I chose it while life still seemed to smile."

"A false smile," said Mr. Carew. "Well, you were but a foolish child when I married you, and I might have been a better guardian. We have marred our lives, both of us. Good-by."

Thus they parted, husband and wife, who had met again after seventeen years of severance. Like the memory of a dream seemed the past to both. So dim, so strange, so irrecoverable!

At the garden gate Mrs. Carford met Sylvia.

"Are you going away?" asked the girl, looking at her curiously.

"Yes."

"For good?"

The woman smiled at the mockery in the words.

"Forever," she answered. "There is no hole or corner for me in your father's house. I only asked for food and shelter, but he can not give me even those."

"We are so poor," said Sylvia; "you'd hardly believe how poor; for we try to put a decent face upon things, and not seem such beggars as we are. I am sorry papa can not do any thing to help you."

"I am sorry too, my dear," replied the woman, with a tender look. "I should like to live near you, even if it were in the nearest workhouse."

That touch of tenderness embarrassed Sylvia.

"I am very sorry for you," she repeated. "And if ever I am well off, which I don't suppose I ever shall be, I might be able to help you. Can you give me any address where I could write to if ever I had a little money to send you?"

"How good you are!" cried Mrs. Carford. "Yes, there is my landlady. She is a kind soul, and would keep a letter for me, even if I were not with her; for Heaven knows how long she may be able to give me the shelter of a room which I can seldom pay for two weeks running. See, dear young lady, here is the address."

She gave Sylvia an old envelope, on which was written, "Mrs. Carford, care of Mrs. Wood, Bell Alley, Fetter Lane."

"It isn't so much the chance of your helping me that I think of," she said, deeply moved, "as the kindness that put such a thing into your head. Good-by, my dear. I am going out into a world which is very cruel to the poor and weak. It's hardly likely that you and I will ever meet again. Let me kiss you before I go."

Sylvia submitted to that kiss, returned it even; and with a blessing, spoken amidst sobs, her mother left her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE yellow fever derives its name from the deep yellow hue assumed by the skin of the unfortunate victim of the disease. It appears to be confined within narrow geographical limits, but why one city should be desolated by this scourge, and another having the same climate escape, is a circumstance not satisfactorily explained. Apparently this terrible disease is not fully understood; but obscure as are the causes from which it originates, it is manifest that its most violent ravages have often occurred in localities where there is a great lack of proper sanitary conditions. A year or two ago Buenos Ayres was visited by this malady, if our memory serves us, and the mortality was frightful. But it soon became known that the sewerage was very defective, the water was particularly impure, and garbage and refuse matter of all kinds were suffered to remain in exposed situations until the air was filled with pollution. The unwholesome conditions that surround Shreveport have been often mentioned since that city has suffered so severely. Memphis is said to have no proper sewerage, the cistern-water which the people drink is unwholesome, and the streets are not kept in a cleanly condition. All these circumstances favor a pestilence, and might easily engender it. If suitable sanitary conditions exist in any place, an infectious or contagious disease finds it hard to gain a foot-hold there. The yellow fever has many peculiar features. Children are generally supposed to suffer most severely from its prevalence, and the severity of the disease appears to vary with persons of different nationalities. The Germans and Irish seldom have it so lightly as do the French and Spanish, while Americans and the English are attacked with medium violence. Although it is usually confined to warmer sections, New York has several times been visited by this plague, but it has not assumed an epidemic form here for many years.

"Out of work," is the pitiful cry coming from thousands in New York and other cities. The cold winter is fast approaching, and want looms up at no great distance before many a hopeless eye. In these times those who can give employment give the wisest charity; and those who wish to earn their bread need a courageous willingness to accept any kind of work which they are qualified to perform.

The New York Children's Aid Society is in great want of second-hand clothing, with which to make the children of its schools comfortable, and to assist in fitting out the companies of boys and girls that leave the office of the society every fortnight for homes in the West. Cast-off clothing, shoes, stockings, etc., will be gladly received at their rooms, No. 19 East Fourth Street, city, or they will be called for if the address of the donor be sent to the society.

The famous "Rugby School" has come into disagreeable notoriety in the English newspapers—or, rather, its head-master has, in consequence of his unwise management. This ancient school, founded in 1567, has gained a well-deserved reputation for usefulness, and has often numbered four hundred pupils. Dr. Arnold was its most successful and popular master, which position he held from 1828 to 1842. Under its present supervision the attendance has diminished in a marked degree, and the master has become exceedingly unpopular, in consequence of having dismissed teachers who were well qualified, and greatly beloved by the boys.

Pekin claims the publishment of the oldest journal in the world. It is printed on a large sheet of yellow silk, and appears in the same form, with the same characters, and on the same kind of stuff as it did a thousand years ago. The only thing changed is the writers.

There is a scarcity of something almost every year in some sections of the country. Sometimes it is corn, sometimes fruit, sometimes potatoes. This year there is, we believe, a great lack of apples in the New England States, particularly in Maine. But Maine reports also another unusual deficiency this year, namely, a falling off in the number of inmates in the prison at Thomaston! This is serious. A dearth of prisoners diminishes the productive labor, which, when the usual number are incarcerated, yields something of a revenue to the State. There are often 180 men in the State-prison; now there are only 132. And it is stated that there are only about 250 in all the jails and prisons of the State. It is rumored that this dearth of criminals is due to the prohibitory law concerning the sale of intoxicating liquors.

A good story is told of a gentleman in—well, we will not mention the place—who has been unfortunate of late in his financial affairs. While walking one evening in a lonely spot, he was met by a ruffian, and told to "stand and deliver." We must let the victim tell his own tale:

"I never was so pleased in my life. The idea that I had any thing to deliver was exceedingly gratifying, and I thanked the fellow for the compliment with all my heart. It showed that all confidence in me was not lost, notwithstanding that little affair in stocks, and I felt once more, with Mr. Micawber, that I could look my fellow-man in the face. It may not be exactly the thing to officiate as a town-pump, at which any and every scoundrel may be accommodated; but it was very pleasing to know that this fellow thought I had money, and to enjoy the sweet thought that he might even have taken me for the entire Water Commission."

At Cairo, Egypt, a model school for girls has been opened, the first establishment of the kind. Two hundred boarders can be accommodated, and one hundred additional day scholars. The course of study is simple, but includes instruction in the science of health, and the school buildings are conspicuous for cleanliness and freshness of appearance.

The Executive Committee of the New York City Mission, composed of well-known ministers and laymen of all denominations, have during the season put all their missions in the most comfortable and attractive shape. They have also added to the number of their chapels, and increased their accommodations for the people outside of the churches. Among other improvements, the building No. 135 Greenwich Street, near Cedar Street, in the First Ward, has been fitted up for religious and educational and missionary purposes, and is named the "De Witt Chapel," in honor of the esteemed and venerable president of the society, the Rev. Dr. Thomas De Witt. In addition to all the permanent stations, it is proposed to occupy the great hall of the Cooper Union for popular preaching services, and the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., is under appointment of the Executive Committee of the City Mission to preach every Sabbath evening during the winter. It must be obvious to every citizen that these forward movements of this active benevolent organization deserve and should receive the warmest sympathy and the most liberal support of all Christian men. Several public meetings are being arranged for the purpose of making known the aims and objects of the City Mission, and the annual meeting will be held early in December in Association Hall, of which due notice will be given.

When the plague first appeared in Shreveport a gentleman and lady living there immediately sent their children to Eastern friends, but remained themselves among their afflicted neighbors. But before long the husband sickened and died, and the lady then left for her former home in the East. Upon her arrival at St. Louis she bought a through-ticket for her destination in Massachusetts; but this, with all her money excepting three dollars, was stolen from her pocket. She had only money enough to enable her to reach Springfield, Illinois, where she sought aid from the city authorities, and a sufficient sum was raised to relieve her difficulties. In these days of ruthless pickpockets travelers would do well to make it an invariable rule to keep a part of their money in some place about their person less accessible than the ordinary pocket. By this plan they would often be spared serious embarrassment.

The Newfoundland fisheries have been remarkably successful this season. In the spring there was an abundant harvest of seal; and for twenty years there has not been in that locality a better "catch" of cod, salmon, and herring. Such is the report from St. Johns, and fishermen and merchants are rejoicing over the successful year.

Charles Dickens and the artist Landseer were dining together one day, when a servant entered and calmly inquired, "If you please, Sir Edwin, did you order a lion?" Dickens looked up somewhat alarmed, as the Zoological Gardens were not far distant. But it soon appeared that a lion had recently died at the gardens, and the manager wished to know whether Landseer desired, as was often the case, to make a sketch of it. That was all.

Thanksgiving-day is proudly anticipated by a Brooklyn family, who expect their circle of relatives on that day to number seventy-four. Eight are now on their way from Europe, and seven from California. There are forty grandchildren and great-grandchildren. An extension has been built into the yard to make room for the dinner-table.

Mattie Stephenson, an obscure country girl, left her home in Illinois, and with singular devotion served the sick and suffering in Memphis. She made no public proffer of services, but simply and courageously entered the plague-stricken houses, and gave help, comfort, and careful nursing. Alone she braved terrific scenes, from which older and more experienced persons shrunk. Suddenly the disease seized her in the midst of her work, and she died, regretting only that she could do no more for the sufferers. Memphis paused a while, in the midst of the spreading pestilence, to do reverence to her body; and long will the memory of her heroism rest in the hearts of all those to whom there came a personal knowledge of the unostentatious devotion of this young girl.

Northern people have a fancy for spending the winter in Florida; but unfortunately there is a great lack of good hotels or boarding-houses in that State.

A touching case of suicide is reported from Paris. A poor little deformed boy had been left by his dying parents to the care of an aunt, who abused him, and finally drove him from the house to get his living as he could. He tried various means to obtain bread and clothes; but what troubled him most was that other boys constantly mocked him, and often inflicted a blow upon his deformed back. One Sunday morning the poor little hunchback was found hanging to a tree in a forest near Pantin. In his pocket was a little note, written in bad French, as follows:

"Gen ai assé. Porté moi ché ma tente. 31 Ru Sainte Margerite. J'y pardone. JEREMIE LEVY."

How pitiful the brief life-story of the poor boy—deformed, an orphan, abused, and turned into the street; and how touching his simple words: "I have had enough. Tell my aunt that I forgive her."

This little tale reflects credit upon some one's ingenuity: In Tennessee, a snake which measured seven feet in length was killed while caught in the crack of a fence, half its body being on each side. Examination developed that the snake had swallowed a rabbit before it had attempted to crawl through the crack, and that, after its body was half through, it caught and swallowed another rabbit, thus having a rabbit on each side of the fence. The rabbits could not get through the crack, which was unfortunate for the snake, as it cost him his life.

It is all very well to write a book bearing the significant title, *Men are what Women made them*, but it does seem as if some women were put to work upon fearfully poor material, or else they had not practiced the business sufficiently to manufacture a decent article. There are ever so many miserable specimens in the market.

At the end of October the records from Memphis showed that out of a population of 55,000 probably not more than 12,000 were remaining in the city. Over 1500 had died from yellow fever, and about 1200 were then sick. In the asylums there were no less than 1200 orphans.

The *Scientific American* recommends as a cure for nose bleeding, to extend the arm perpendicularly against a wall or post, or any convenient object for a support. The arm on the side from which the blood proceeds is the one to elevate.

Nashville, Tennessee, supports a novel institution, called the Society of Rejected Lovers. The qualification for membership is set forth in the name. A member going back to a lady who has rejected him is instantly and ignominiously expelled. A member marrying is put on the retired list, but is eligible for active membership in the event of his becoming a widower.

A SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU."

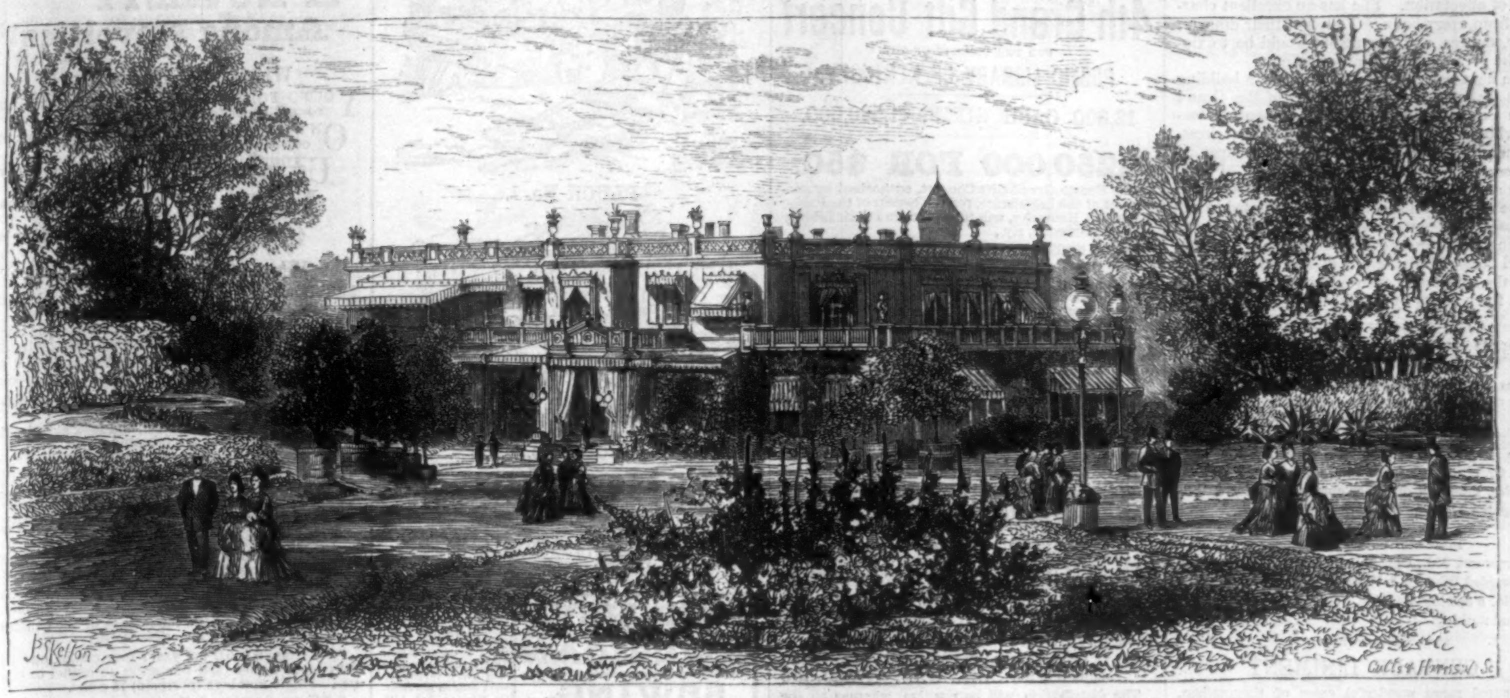
A SCENE FROM "RICHELIEU."

THOSE who have read or witnessed Lord LYTTON's play will excuse us for recalling to their memories a few incidents of the plot. At the opening of the play the Chevalier de Mauprat marries, with the consent of Richelieu, Julie, the ward of the great Cardinal. The wedding, however, is scarcely over when De Mauprat is informed by Baradas (the villain of the play), who desires to enlist his services against Richelieu, that the marriage was a mere blind to secure Julie for the King, who has fallen in love with her. Thirsting for revenge, De Mauprat joins in a plot to assassinate Richelieu, but spares his life on learning the falsity of Baradas's accusation as far as the Cardinal is concerned.

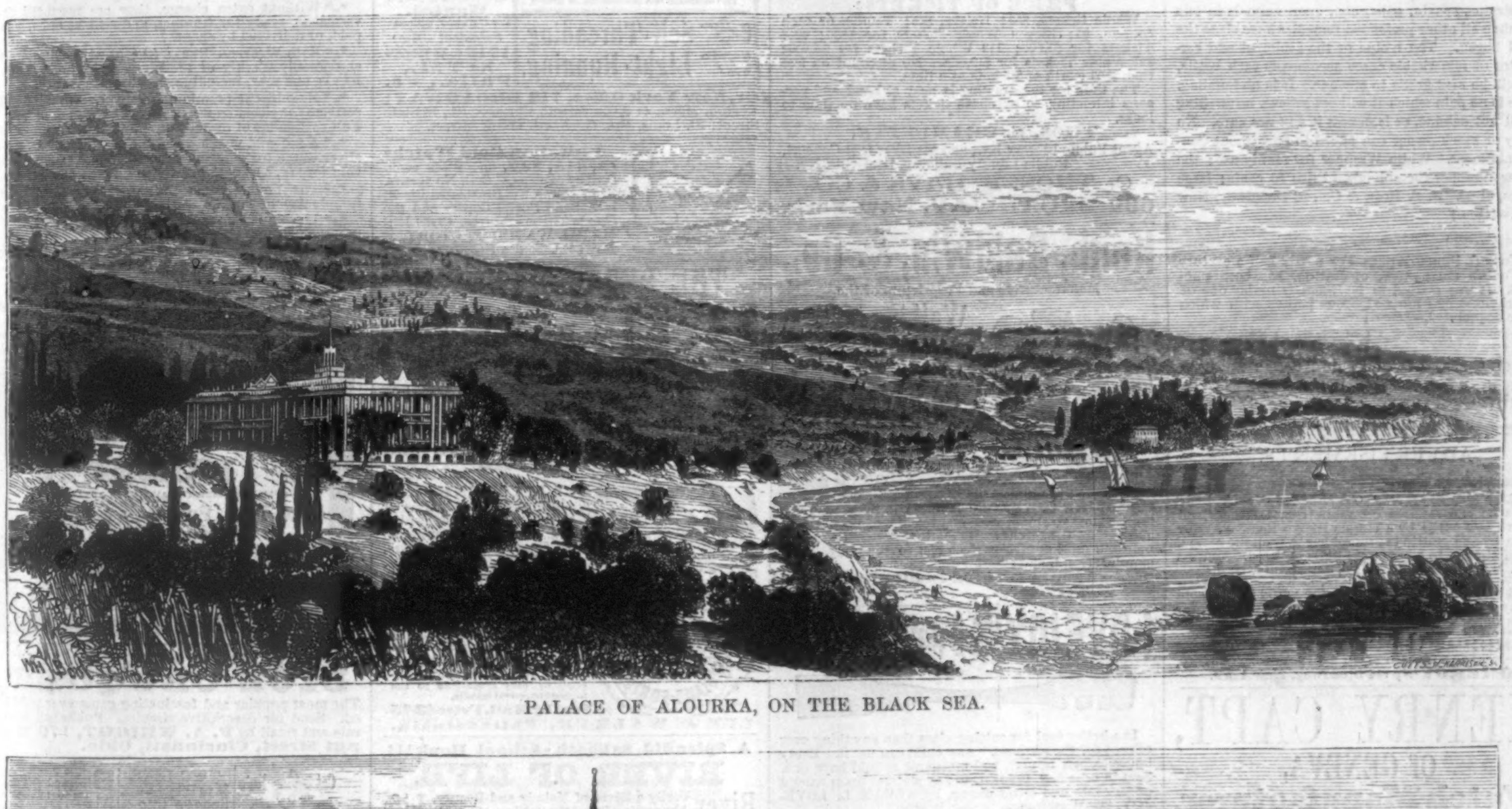
The scene from which the above illustration is taken is in the fourth act, when De Mauprat has just been arrested and sent to the Bastile by the intrigues of Baradas, the court favorite, the fickle Louis having for a while discarded Richelieu's influence. Julie rushes to Richelieu for protection, implores him to bring her husband back to her, clings to him in an agony of grief, while he defiantly shields her from her joint enemies. The persons represented in the sketch are Richelieu and Julie, and the incident takes place in the gardens of the Louvre, with the towers of the Bastile on the horizon. "Where is my husband?" asks Julie. "There," answers Richelieu, "where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er the domes of the Bastile!" "Oh, mercy! mercy! Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not the Cardinal King—the lord of life and death? Art thou not Richelieu?" To which he replies, "Yesterday I was. To-day, a very weak old man. To-morrow, I know not what!" At this juncture a courtier named Clermont enters, saying, "Pardon, your eminence, even now I seek this lady's home, commanded by the King to pray her presence." Then follows the incident depicted in the illustration. Julie clings to Richelieu, exclaiming, "Think of my dead father, and take me to your breast." The Cardinal turns to Clermont with the words: "To those who sent you!—And say you found the virtue they would slay here—couched upon this heart, as at an altar, and sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!"

Richelieu is one of the most effective plays ever written, and one that will probably hold possession of the stage as long as the English language is spoken. The greatest actors of modern times, in Europe and America, have appeared in the character of the magnificent old Cardinal, who, notwithstanding the many political crimes laid at his door, is one of the grandest figures in French history.

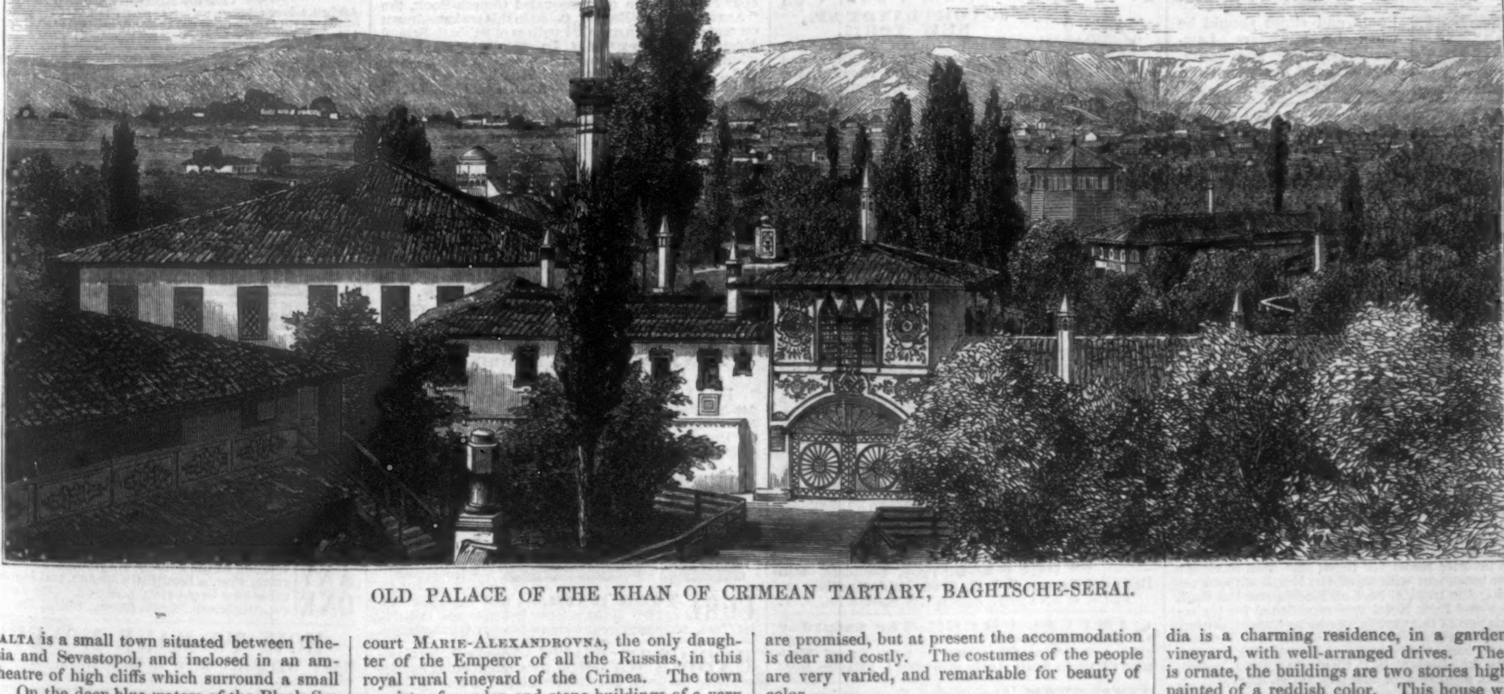
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE CRIMEA.



THE EMPEROR'S COUNTRY-SEAT AT LIVADIA (RESIDENCE OF THE PRINCE DURING HIS VISIT).



PALACE OF ALOURKA, ON THE BLACK SEA.



OLD PALACE OF THE KHAN OF CRIMEAN TARTARY, BAGHTSCHE-SERAI.

Yalta is a small town situated between Theodosia and Sevastopol, and inclosed in an amphitheatre of high cliffs which surround a small bay. On the deep blue waters of the Black Sea reposes the English steam-yacht *Helicon*, which has brought H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh to court Marie-Alexandrovna, the only daughter of the Emperor of all the Russias, in this royal rural vineyard of the Crimea. The town consists of wooden and stone buildings of a very ornate and semi-Oriental character. A grand hotel is being built by a company, and others are promised, but at present the accommodation is dear and costly. The costumes of the people are very varied, and remarkable for beauty of color.

Where the town ends the royal property commences, that of Livadia being the first. Livadia is a charming residence, in a garden and vineyard, with well-arranged drives. The style is ornate, the buildings are two stories high, and painted of a reddish color. This house was occupied by the English forces during the Crimean war. Here the Prince spends his time with the

imperial family. The Princess is remarkable for her ingenuous simplicity of manner and absence of affectation. She has an excellent character from every body. To tell of their dinners, drives, dances, and excursions would be to violate the privacy of a country-house.

The next palace is that of Orianda, a building in the Italian style, the residence of the Grand Duke CONSTANTINE, the naval prince of Russia, whose numerous family wear sailors' dresses, and ride about on Tartar ponies accompanied by Cossacks. Beyond are the palaces of Miskhori and Alourka, Russian Rosherivilles, where nature on a grand scale has been diverted to the purposes of art—grottoes, fountains, temples, and winding paths dotting the domains. The far-famed port of Balaklava is distant fifteen versts, and the ancient Tartar palace of Baghtsche-Serai forty versts by bridle-path.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

AUSTRIAN COURT HONOR TO AN AMERICAN CONTRIBUTOR.

Telegrams to the New York Herald.

VIENNA, Nov. 1, 1873.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the "Imperial Order of Francis Joseph" upon Hon. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the celebrated Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine Company, of New York.

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BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 31.—The Maryland Institute has awarded Wheeler & Wilson the gold medal for the new No. 6 Sewing-Machine. Other sewing-machines received nothing.—[*Com.*]

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A YOUTH'S PUBLICATION.—For nearly half a century the *Youth's Companion*, of Boston, has been published. It was started in 1827, and is to-day one of the brightest and most vigorous papers with which we are acquainted.—[*Com.*]

LACE Curtains from Panic Auction Sales 25 per cent. under cost of importation. G. L. KELTY & COMPANY, 724 Broadway.—[*Com.*]

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$1,500,000

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LIST OF GIFTS.

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ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT		17,500
10 CASH GIFTS	$10,000 each	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS	5,000 each	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS	1,000 each	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS	500 each	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS	400 each	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS	300 each	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS	200 each	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS	100 each	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS	50 each	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to		$1,500,000

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS:

Whole tickets, $50; Halves, $25; Tenths, or each coupon, $5; Eleven Whole Tickets for $500; 22½ Tickets for $1,000; 113 Whole Tickets for $5,000; 227 Whole Tickets for $10,000. No discount on less than $500 worth of Tickets at a time.

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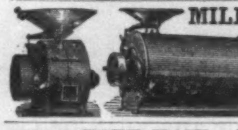

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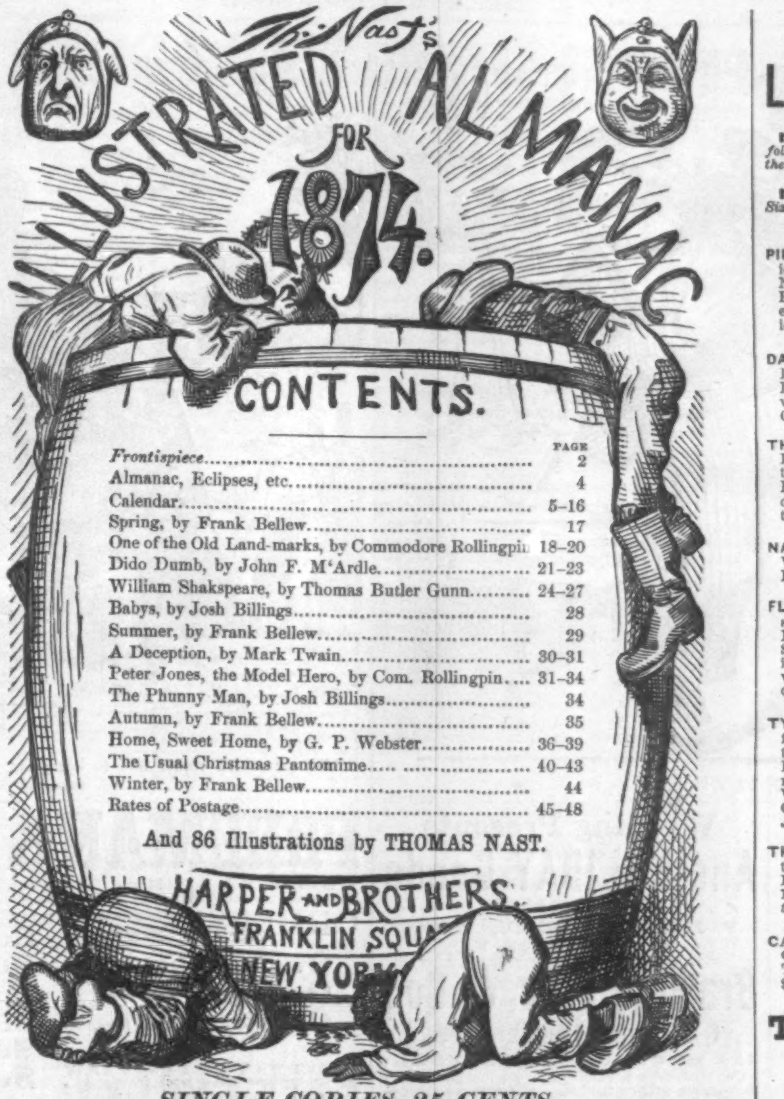

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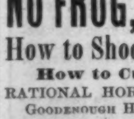

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THE OLD CHAPEL-MASTER.

I.—THE CATHEDRAL ORGAN-LOFT.

I HAD just finished my work at the Academy of Music, and on my way home resolved to run into the cathedral and see my old landlord and music-master, Herr Zadaka, so that if the service was over I might walk home with him. I had been now ten months in Ratisbon, and in that time had contrived to learn a little counterpoint, a good deal of thorough bass, and a great deal more than either of love. Perhaps my progress in the latter passion was aided by the fact that I preferred seeing my own likeness photographed small in the blue eyes of Fräulein Zadaka to the conning over the masses of Palestrina and the elaborate compositions of the older masters. It is also possible that this sudden desire of mine for a walk with the old chapel-master might have been increased by the probability of Lisa being up in the organ-loft with him.

The congregation had already dispersed; and as I met them streaming across the great square, I felt sure that Zadaka would be putting by his music and starting homeward by the time I reached the cathedral. It was sunset, and a great flood of light was streaming in through the western door and windows as I entered, irradiating tomb and pillar, and spreading across the floor of the nave a broad band of glorious radiance, like a cloth of gold laid down for some emperor's coronation. There was no one in the church except one acolyte in a white surplice, who was removing some tall silver candlesticks from a side altar. All at once the organ broke out with a great volume of rejoicing sound, and a portion of Palestrina's fine mass, *Stella quam viderant Magi*, was poured forth with splendid power, and a spirit of devotion worthy of the composer himself. I was so delighted that I ran under the organ-loft and clapped my hands, just as the great deluge of music had subsided to a mere calm ripple of harmony, pure and sweet as a maiden's hymn.

An old gray head, crowned by a black velvet cap, a head worthy of Titian's painting, looked out between the crimson curtains of the organ-loft, and a voice cried,

"Ha! my lieber Karl, it is you, then, who applaud the old chapel-master. Come up here, and I will play you a finer bit than that from the *Sicut cervus desiderat* (As the hart pants for the water-springs). Come up, my dear son. I want you to hear this hautboy stop."

I sprang up the old stairs with the agility of three-and-twenty, and was in a moment by Zadaka's side, studying the passage in the old music-book, with which he was so enraptured.

Again he played a glorious passage from the mass he had mentioned, till a stray gleam of sunset fell on his forehead, and transformed him into a saint singing in Paradise to the glory of God. His eyes glowed with renewed youth as he pressed the deep yellow keys, till the music pealed around him, and made the very planks under our feet and the carved cherubim above us vibrate again. Long processional passages, like the tramp of armies; bright carolings, as of welcoming angels; stormy fugues full of rude thunder and the conflict of warring hosts; groans of sorrow, as from expiring saints; then a radiant peaceful ending, like the subsiding of a tempest; with finally an outburst of delight, as from the golden doors of heaven thrown open to greet the great army of earth's martyrs. As the last note finished and the organ slowly subsided into rest, the old man, worn out by the vehemence of his own passion, closed the book, rested his head on his hand, and covered his eyes from the rich light that now fell upon them. He was silent for a moment or two, as I chattered about the doings of the morning—the pedantry of one master and the cleverness of another.

"And that Steiger, does he ever talk of me to you?" said Zadaka, abruptly, watching me as I replied,

"Steiger!"

"Yes, Steiger. I see he has—you color. Tell me what he said."

"That you seemed like a man who had committed some crime, living so apart, and that no one knew your antecedents."

"He said that? Yes, because he tried to be organist here in this cathedral, and I beat him in open competition."

"Oh, no one cares what Steiger says; his blood is as black as ink, and he is as full of malice as a melon is of seeds. We're going to give him a cats' concert the last night before the vacation—such a one, with sixteen trombones and double tongs-and-poker chorus."

"Committed a crime!" mused the old man. "Committed a crime, and because I live apart. He did not say what crime?"

"No. Oh, don't think again of such a fellow as that. He hates every one."

"Do you not hear a footstep in the nave?" said Zadaka, as he drew back the curtains and looked down anxiously into the nave, where the broad roadway of light still lingered.

"No, I hear nothing; we are alone here. I saw the last chorister boy go out as you were playing the *Sicut cervus*."

"Don't you see some one entering at the west door?"

"Where?"

"There, by the monument of the Seven Merchants."

"No, I see no one."

"Not there by the pulpit?"

"No."

"You look to the left pillar—I mean there to the right. Look! it is crossing toward the light on the floor."

I looked, and there, truly, across the great golden band of light, I saw a thin youthful figure, dressed in black, with a face turned from us, pass slowly toward the east door.

"There, there!" said the old man, with a painful expression of apprehension. "You see it now; I am not dreaming—it is him! You see it!" and he hid his eyes and bent his head in his hands.

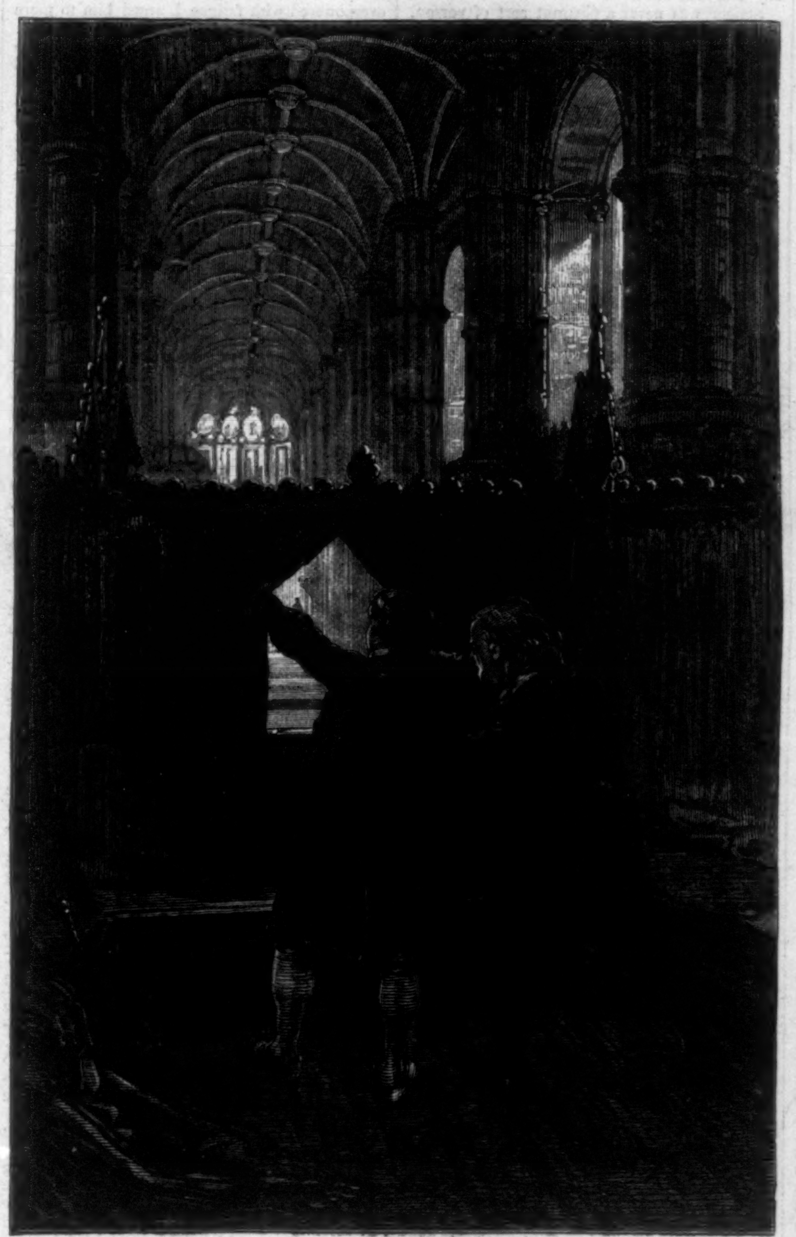
"It is only some chance visitor," I said. "I will run down and tell him the cathedral is closing, or he may be locked in."

I ran down in a moment, but no one was there. I called; no one answered. I ran from the east door to the west. No. I looked into the choir—there was no one. Yet it is true that there had been quite time for a stranger passing by to enter, cross toward the east door, return, and leave before I had descended the stairs; and that was the explanation I gave of what Zadaka evidently was inclined to consider as a supernatural appearance, without any more ground than his own excited and perhaps morbid imagination.

Just then I heard the sweetest little voice call, "Herr papa, Herr papa, where are you?" It was Lisa. I ran forward to meet her, and we ran up the organ stairs together. Herr Zadaka had fainted!

II.—THE TEMPTATION.

More than a year had passed since that evening in the organ-loft, and I had grown into a musician of some skill, and, what is more, I had



"'THERE, THERE!' SAID THE OLD MAN."

developed what my enthusiastic fellow-students were kind enough to term "a genius for composition." My ideas were crude, no doubt, and imitative, but they came fast, and I found in myself an ability to select and marshal them. They seemed to take shape; and while men more clever than myself—certainly more scientific—were wasting their time on drawing-room music, I always kept in view the one settled purpose of my life—original composition. Opera-writing, as admitting of great play of imagination, and embracing almost every style of composition, was the path I had selected to fame; and the crown Beethoven and Mozart had striven for no one but pedants and cantankerous fools like Steiger could dare to despise. I had begun an opera on the subject of Romeo and Juliet, with a fairy story interwoven; my love for Lisa had inspired me for the work. I poured into it all my love for her. That first passion, that never burns again so purely and so brightly, gave, I thought, a tenderness and truth to the love passages that I might never be able again to represent with such Italian passion and sustained vigor. For my next opera I might take the Cenci or Manfred, or some deeper or darker subject, and throw into that the ambition of riper years; but love, love I had decided should be the master-spring of this my first work. I toiled on, selecting and rejecting, throwing away much, but only to dig still deeper for the gold. I wrote first a general sketch, taking special pains to blend harmoniously together the melodies with which I interspersed it. With fatherly care, my old master, Zadaka, guided my efforts and directed my callow judgment. Some of my finest things he thought too fine, and almost with tears in my eyes cut them ruthlessly out with that too ready pen of his, and with sweeping red lines that pained me almost like gashes across my flesh. Here some phrase that I had carelessly struck off grew, under his care, into a duet whose charms he insisted on. Many midnight hours we heard together the great cathedral clock hammer its nails into Time's coffin; many happy mornings we tried over songs till their last finish could be obtained, and they flowed off my violin like silk from a polished reel. With all the fire of youth about me, perseverance enough to hew down mountains, yet patience scarcely enough to level a mole-hill, I should have sunk under the apparently hopeless task, had not the good old Mentor aided my faltering steps and cheered me with kindly draughts of flattery and hope. Here I was too *rococo;* there too modern; this quartet was flimsy; that chorus a mere shout, such as you hear in Tyrolese taverns among the woodmen; this part was too noisy, that too slight. Oh, Romeo and Juliet, thy sufferings—noble pair of lovers—were as nothing to mine. That buzzing passage of the violins to express the flies at the warm edge of a summer wood, that trill of nightingales in the balcony scene, cost me more torture before it got right than ever the Egyptians suffered, or than Philomel herself ever endured. Cellini himself never took more pains to weld and fuse and rivet together the junctions of the Duke of Ferrara's engraved armor than I did to blend the love of the moonlight scene (nearly half hautboys) and the terror of the charnel-house scene, where the double basses groaned and murmured. How Zadaka glowed with triumph when I finished the scene in the balcony with passages of serenade music dying off in the distance, gurgling nightingale trills, and then a far off shout of revelers! How Lisa bent over, till I could feel the soft warmth of her cheek, to sing us the notes for the dance! and how Zadaka's old friend, the curé, struck in with the bass of the quarreling scene that opens the opera! I made love to Lisa in Romeo's songs, and it was the evening after practicing a duet of the two lovers, that I first clasped her to my heart, and heard her sob-like murmurs, which meant she loved me once and forever. If Zadaka had ever been ambitious and envious, as he used to say he had been in old days at Vienna, when he was the bosom friend of Mozart, he had certainly grown a different man now. He was never tired of practicing and hearing my opera. When I sat down and played my pet bits, he stood with his great china pipe, like the very god of music and Rhadamanthus rolled into one; and when Lisa sang Juliet's songs, he stood and listened like Orpheus in the Elysian Fields, when Eurydice sings to him of their past sorrows and their present joys.

One summer evening we were seated under the vine outside the garden window, he with his pipe, I with my violin, and Lisa singing inside at the piano which stood near the window. It was getting dusk, and the lamp was not lit. A nightingale, jealous of Lisa, was preluding on the linden in the garden.

"Oh, Karl," said Lisa, as she concluded the song with a shake that seemed to defy the nightingale, and to have stolen all its harmony, "that is so beautiful. You will be a second Mozart. Now you shall have some coffee. I'll go and get the lamp, although you haven't been polite enough to give me an encore."

"Lisa!" I said; but she ran up stairs laughing.

"That girl loves you," said a voice close to my ear. It was Zadaka's. "There was love in that voice and in yours—but you do not want me to tell you that—youth and love, they are one. There is a tone of voice that love only can produce; it can not be assumed; the greatest actress can not learn those tones. It is the heart speaking, and the heart alone can produce that perfect harmony."

"How can I deny I love her?" I stammered, blushing crimson in the dark.

"It is that love that has raised you to genius. I felt sure it was; and I love you for loving her. But mind you marry me with her; for to part would be impossible. My dark moments then would overwhelm me." His hand pressed my arm, and I felt it tremble. "It is all I can do now sometimes not to yield to despair. I have been ambitious, very ambitious; yet here I am in old age a poor, forgotten music-master, drudging at the Philistine's wish and bearing proud fools' insults."

"But your art consoles you." I tried to cheer him.

"It is your success consoles me, my son, and the love that has sprung up like a beautiful spring flower between you and Lisa. But you must succeed before I can give her, who is the core of my heart, to you. You must some day, too, hear my story; perhaps then you will care less for Lisa."

"I love you as a father," I said, fervidly. "No misfortunes of yours can lessen that love."

"If we can only get the government director to grant a public rehearsal for your opera, it is certain of success. Look! is there not something moving down that hazel walk—something dark?"

I looked, but saw nothing but the glow-worms on a hazel bank. All beyond was now dark, and the only sound was a faint rustle of the leaves.

"You are sure you see nothing?"

"Yes."

"Ah, pardon me; I am old and shaken in nerves, and have been overworking at my *History of Sacred Music.* Now listen: I can not, must not, give Lisa to you till your income is secure. Public success can alone secure it. You must succeed. Look at me: my life is the result of imperfect success, or rather of success obtained by wrong means. But I must not talk of that now. Again that piercing pain in my head! I am bound to tell you, with the voice of experience that has become prophetic, that there are still crudities in your opera."

A pang went through me. Was I to again rearrange the overture?

"There is a certain sense of immaturity in parts which you can not see, and therefore can not amend. This solo is delicious, that duet is charming; and yet there is no incomparable solo and no duet so irresistible as to make the whole theatre rise, as they did at Papageno's song in the *Magic Flute.* One spice more, one grain of something, would secure to you fame, fortune, and Lisa."

I trembled at these words, and felt some strange temptation to evil creeping over me. I was sure that the spirit of evil was urging me to something that would poison all my life, and covering the temptation with prizes of love and ambition almost irresistible.

A shudder passed from my heart to every limb. I did not answer.

Zadaka went on in a low, monotonous voice that seemed like a voice in a dream. "This opportunity lost, you will lose courage, and sink into the mere mechanists with whom you study, and whose faults I have striven hard to guard you from."

I hardly knew what to say. The solid ground under me seemed to have turned into a trapdoor and let me through. I murmured some broken reproaches, some half groans, half complaints that he should have encouraged me so far on the ocean, and now left me adrift, soon to be a wreck.

"Nay, my son," he said, "let not your heart sink. There is genius in your work, but you know not the public as I do—it is a beast all eyes and ears, but without brains. They will hear you are young, and perhaps give but a faint and uncertain welcome; so that your opera may not be recognized as a remarkable work till you are gray-headed. I, too, shall leave music behind me that will, I think, some day be recognized; but what pleasure will my old bones feel from the green wreath thrown into my grave? You may one day lead the world; but you must make this first success sure."

"But how—see how I have toiled! what de-

light and youth I have thrown into this work! What—"

At this juncture, and before Zadaka could unfold the plan which I mistrusted, Lisa came dancing in with the lamp, and began to open the piano.

"Now, Karl; now, dear father, Karl and I are going to try the duet, *When summer eve begins to weave.*"

"Lisa," said her father, gravely, "close the veranda door for a short time. I and Karl are talking about something serious."

Lisa closed the door with the sweet unquestioning obedience of her nature, and we were alone.

"How am I, Father Zadaka," I again broke out, "to insure this success? I have flown my shaft. I have done my best. I can not wait for riper judgment. The work is the fruit of youth, and I offer it to the public as that. How—what—"

"Youth, youth, always dead out or in full flame. I—I am the great musician that carry the spell. Hear me. Years ago I was a fellow-student and bosom friend of the great Mozart. He gave me once, as the greatest treasure he could give, a half-written opera on the story of Francesca di Rimini. It contains some airs as exquisite as any thing he ever wrote, but in a manner unusual with him, and more resembling Porpora. I value these as a very portion of my soul. I propose that we insert three of the best of these airs into your opera."

"Into—my—opera"—Satan himself was then speaking to me in the darkness—"Herr Zadaka?"

"Yes, yes, I say; I have no scruples in deceiving fools, who would let you be trodden to mud under their feet without pity. Insert these at the culminating parts of your opera, add one or two crudities to give them a resemblance to your work, let them rise like rockets into the higher world of genius, and so secure fortune, fame, and my treasure at one grasp. What do you say? It can never be discovered."

Lisa tapped at the window impatiently.

"You do not answer."

"How can I answer?"

"Suppose I have at this moment the government permission for you to rehearse your opera?"

"I should still make the same answer."

"What! are you mad, to throw yourself down the precipice of poverty like this? Think of what you lose, and answer."

"I answer," said I, with my hand on the door into the lighter room, "that I will never obtain even such prizes by base means. You would not have employed them at my age. If I ever wear laurels, they shall be unstained. It shall be true fame or none that I win."

And as I said this I threw open the door into the dazzling light, that confused me for an instant, and stepped as it were from Hades into heaven. Lisa ran forward with a crown of jonquils that she had been twisting together, and laughingly crowned my head, then ran and sat down to the piano and played the first bars of a pompous march of triumph from *Judas Maccabæus*. A moment after, with all her grace and strange Undine-like veerings from gayety to sadness, she leaped up and threw her arms round her father's neck.

"You look ill to-night, dear father," she said. "Does he not, Karl? He is working too hard at his book. Karl, you must help me burn all the pens."

"I have been anxious, my Lisa, about Karl and his success."

"Karl's success! why, he must succeed. Come, papa, supper is ready; and the curé and Babelschweitz will soon be here for the quartet we are to practice."

The family group at the supper-table made a picture worthy of Meissonnier. A lettuce, so deliciously cool and green, was ready in the bowl, and it was pleasant to see the epicurean care with which the old chapel-master blended the salad. The open piano, the sweet face of Lisa, and the fine Titian-like head of Zadaka were reflected in miniature in the round mirror on the wall. The salad was just ready, and Zadaka was tossing it round with a little cry of triumph, when a violent knock was heard at the door, and in burst the irrepressible Babelschweitz, his gooseberry eyes staring wildly, his red hair, as usual, all in a rebellious tangle. He dragged with him the gentle old curé, his uncle, who was expostulating, half out of breath, at the rapidity of the entrance.

"Heisa, juchhei!" cried Babelschweitz. "Such news! Oh for a trombone to give it in appropriate music! Heisa for Karl Waldstein! The permission for the opera has come. It's all right, it's all right! Oh for ten thousand big cannon to announce the wonderful opera of Karl, the great young Karl!"

"God be thanked!" said Zadaka.

Lisa burst into tears of joy.

And I—what did I do? I was stunned. I sat down and buried my head in my hands. Oh, if I should fail! "Remember Zadaka's offer," whispered a voice. Babelschweitz danced round the room like a madman, then poured out wild cries of triumph from the suffering piano. It was a coronation day for me. "But ah! if you fail, my son!" the ugly voice kept saying.

III.—THE CAFÉ APOLLO.

The last private rehearsal of the opera by the students of the Conservatorium was an overwhelming success. There could be little doubt of victory if the audience was not prejudiced against my youth. Babelschweitz and his friends had insisted on the Apollo Club, to which we both belonged, giving me a supper in the private room of the Café Apollo, the great resort of students; and old Zadaka was to be the chairman of the evening. I think from his manner he was glad that I had refused to do what I deemed dishonorable, and had trusted to myself alone. He seemed now to have little doubt of my success, and no trace of melancholy or disappointment lingered about him. His eyes rested with kindly humor on the noisy young students, and he appeared to relish their wild tricks, their outrageous enthusiasm, and to enjoy their uproarious songs, with absurd choruses, representing the cries of animals.

The supper was over, so were the part songs that accompanied each toast, and we were all pleasantly cheered with wine, without one glass too much having yet been taken. Babelschweitz, on the shoulders of a tall Swabian, both hidden under the same sheet, was playing the ghost in *Hamlet*, and answering through a speaking-trumpet the questions of the Danish prince, which were all in the squeakiest falsetto. Billows of laughter were rolling through the room, while an impromptu charivari band played an accompaniment to this extravagant duet. The old curé was, after great pressing, just pouring out the third glass of hock (a most Sardanapalian act of revelry in him), and we were now preparing for an impromptu incantation scene from *Der Freischütz*, Babelschweitz as Zamiel, when the door opened, and Steiger and a stranger came in, and took their places, without greeting any one, near the door.

Steiger was never a pleasant sort of person, and he looked peculiarly disagreeable on this special night. He was a ferrety-faced malevolent man, who always seemed as if he were going to bite you—his eyes like a rat's, his forehead low, his complexion yellow with bile, his dress sordid and careless, his walk a distorted twist, his hands like claws, his hair like dead moss; altogether a man to avoid. The person with him was a tall wiry French-Jew man, with a long face and a squint. Envy and malevolence—they might have stood for types of those passions, and their eyes seemed to cast a baleful influence as they passed round the table, provoking from every one *sotto voce* expressions of dislike, anger, and contempt.

"Steiger, old fellow," said Babelschweitz, in a lull of the mad merriment, "you don't look well; lost your voice, quarreled with your tailor, or what is the matter? Pass him the bottle, Klopfenheim."

"Herr Steiger," said Zadaka, rising with dignity and true courtesy, "the Apollo Club drinks to you. Gentlemen, I propose the health of Herr Steiger, the accomplished author of *First Studies for the Harpsichord.*"

The toast was drunk with tremendous "vivas" and clashes of instruments, but Herr Steiger did not rise to reply. When the clamors for Steiger actually grew violent, he rose slowly, and with a malignant glance at Zadaka.

"Gentlemen of the Apollo Club," he said, "I am surprised to find to-night, on the festival in honor of our young genius or our young failure of the future, a non-member in the chair, and more especially such a non-member. I have been before now accused of uttering slanders against this man; of trying, it was implied, to lower the reputation of a rival. I had my own reasons for those accusations and that dislike. I have found from the friend from Vienna who sits beside me that this man goes by an assumed name. His real name he conceals, and why?—because it has been disgraced."

Zadaka seemed going to rush at his enemy, but I and Babelschweitz restrained and consoled him.

"Yes, I say, disgraced; and when I tell you his infamous name you will know that he is the incomparable villain who was every where believed in Vienna to have poisoned his friend, the divine Mozart, to conceal his thefts from him. That man, Antonio Salieri, sits there before you."

My blood turned icy with horror. I had heard of such a report as one generally believed in Vienna; but even if it was true, how could Zadaka be Salieri? I had never even heard him mention Vienna. He had always spoken of Mozart with a love that bordered on idolatry, and a regret that was almost overwhelming. I urged him to rise and deny this disgraceful calumny, and I, with my own hands, would expel and challenge this slanderer.

To my horror, Zadaka stood up, but he regarded me with vacant eyes, and uttered only incoherent words. He pointed to the closed door, and said,

"Who is that man in black, with the face turned from us, who is entering the door? He asks for me; he turns his face; it is Wolfgang! Wolfgang, do not repulse me! I am guilty. It is I—I, my friend Franz—"

And as he said these terrible words the old man staggered a step forward with hands upraised, and then fell heavily on the floor, as we all thought, dead.

"See now," said Steiger, "if I calumniated the man. Karl Waldstein, you were well saved from such a father-in-law."

IV.—THE REQUIEM.

It was two days after the great triumph of my opera, the news of which had been the first sounds that broke on the ear of the old man, whose consciousness after his fit at the Café Apollo had but slowly returned. I was sitting with him one bright evening, soon after his return to reason, and Lisa, dear Lisa, to whom I was soon to be married, was gone to the curé to ask him to come and read to her father some prayers of the Church, when he awoke, and seeing me, sat up, and begged me to come nearer to him. I came and sat by the bed, holding his thin white hands.

"Ah, my son, my dear son!" he said, "you did right to rebuke my sin by refusing my request about your opera. You need not tell me you love Lisa, for you still love a poor disgraced wretch like me. Ah, you have a good heart, and Heaven will smile upon you. Although, for all you know, I may be, as perhaps all Ratisbon now thinks me, the murderer of Mozart, yet still you watch and guard me with a faithful love, and all because I am the father of Lisa."

"Not for that alone," I said.

"No, you are grateful to me for what I taught *you*. Alas! what can talent teach genius? But I am no murderer, so you need not shudder when I touch you. My great sin was one of ambition, and its fruit fell on me and crushed me into poverty and obscurity. My time on earth is but short; hear me tell the tale briefly. I and Mozart were fellow-students and dear friends. At one time I surpassed him on the harpsichord, and even gained a prize for which he failed. A year later he flew past me in the race, and I grew envious. Still keeping his friendship, I raised secret intrigues to drive him from Vienna, where I dreaded his rivalry. I imbittered his life; I helped to shorten it. I was ambitious, and despair made me long for his death. At last his heart ceased to beat with its full activity. I saw him grow hectic; in his eyes came a strange unnatural fire. I feared, yet I rejoiced. I urged him to fresh studies, to more toil, to more passionate outbursts of his art, feeling that he was doomed to early death, and deceiving myself with the thought, inspired by Satan, that a few years more would raise me to fame. When overpowered with fatigue I urged him to more wine, unconscious almost of my own baseness. I see now my great wickedness, and how near to murder the devil led me. At last that fiery soul outwore its fragile tenement of clay. He sank, and in almost his last hours he gave me the fatal gift of two unfinished operas, the works of his youth. Again I was tempted, and fell. I set up openly as an imitator of my dead friend, and wove into my opera the airs which I had stolen and completed. My success at first was great. At last some Steiger of those days, jealous of me, reported that I used MS. of Mozart. Duplicates of two airs I had used were found at Magdeburg, and my secret was discovered. Then came that terrible rumor, and I changed my name and fled. Ah, do not despise me, lieber Karl. I have sinned deeply, but I have repented deeply. You have not suffered the temptations that I underwent. You were not a man of talent and ambition crushed by a genius whom you had once surpassed—you know not the bitterness of that. From the moment I stole those thoughts of Mozart's, if I had written the music they sing in heaven I could never have raised myself to fame. The devil tempted me, and paid me as he always pays his victims, in base money that will not pass. Ah, my son, how, how I have suffered! How can I wish to live now but for you and Lisa? Where is Lisa?"

"She is gone to the curé's; she will soon return, dear father."

"Say that again. Yes, I have been a father to you, and have loved you as one. You will not forsake me! You will not let Steiger come here to insult a dying man?"

"If the beast comes in here, he shall go out by that window."

The old man was too feeble to speak, but he pressed my hand in gratitude.

"I see Lisa and the good old curé coming up the street. She has given him her arm. How beautiful she looks!"

"Thank God that I shall see her again before I die! I feel a strange increasing weight at my heart. I feel through the darkness for the outstretched hand of God!"

As I watched the now exhausted man, Lisa and the curé entered. We knelt in prayer around the bed of the old chapel-master, and as we rose he blessed and embraced us one by one.

"Lisa, my darling," he said, feebly, "go into the inner room and play me the *Requiem* of Mozart. It breathes the very soul of Christian hope, and I read in it assurances of forgiveness and of peace. Weep not for me, Lisa. I am happy now. The guilt has been lifted like the millstone from my heart. I am at peace now. Karl"—and he joined our hands—"lead her to the inner room. I would hear some last strains of the music that I have loved so long. The curé will pray with me here."

Lisa was still weeping; I kissed her, and sat down myself at the piano; and then arose like an emanation the glorious music that the dying composer wrote for his own interment. Strange muffled processions full of despair seemed to pace past me through a world full of suffering and sorrow. Every variety of human grief the poet thinker had embodied in those awful strains, broken by loud wailings and passionate outbursts of grief; but by degrees the music melted into light, and there diffused itself throughout the *Requiem* glimpses of ineffable brightness. Through the open doors of the tomb we saw the widening glory of the heaven where tears are wiped away from every eye. I had paused for a moment in a sudden relapse of grief, when a suppressed cry and a low call from the curé aroused both me and Lisa.

We hurried, and found the curé striving in vain to keep the old man in bed. He seemed wandering. His eyes were anxious but joyful in expression; he was stretching out his arms toward the door.

"Do you not see him?" he said. "There is Wolfgang there. Why do you not greet him, Lisa, Karl, Feinhart? He is no longer in funeral clothes; his face is bright with the glory of heaven. And see, he smiles and holds his hand out to me. Cruel, cruel, not to let me grasp it!"

"Dear father," I said, "you only dream; there is no one there. See, I will open the door."

I opened the door, and the evening sun from the garden burst in as if a god had entered. As it deluged the room, the great flood of holy brightness fell full across the bed of the dying man.

"Yes, there he passes away into the light, smiling and beckoning to me. I am forgiven; I am free. The journey to the bright city has begun. Farewell, Lisa, core of my heart! Farewell, lieber, lieber Karl; Heaven bless and guide you as it has ever done! Farewell, dear brother! Wolfgang, dear Wolfgang, I follow!"

Then the head sank; a change passed over the face. It was the shadow of the wings of the Angel of Death. The old chapel-master lay dead in the soft evening light, and in the full glory of the sunset we knelt round the bed and prayed for the passing soul.

THE BROOK'S LAST SONG.

THE brook goes gently murmuring
On its accustomed way,
Through meadow grasses singing,
Through forests old and gray;
But its song seems strangely dreary
On this October day.

"O fragrant grasses, bending
To kiss me as I go,
Well may my heart be dreary,
Well may my song be low!
And see! each little ripple
Is noiseless in its flow.

"For day by day my pulses
Must yet more slowly beat,
Till comes a time, O daisies!
When never more shall meet
Your fragrant lips my waters
In kisses soft and sweet.

"O lovers who have lingered
Full many a time with me,
To talk your foolish nonsense
With lovers' harmony,
But yet a little longer
May I your servant be!

"For, know you not, the hour
Comes near when winter's king
Shall freeze my lips to silence
With icy covering?
And I shall die in sorrow,
Crushed 'neath his cold, white wing."

And slowly, yet more slowly,
The brook goes on its way
Through nodding ferns and grasses
And through the forests gray;
And its song is yet more plaintive,
More feeble with each day.

RALPH DAYNER'S DOOM.

IF travelers see strange things, so do artists, at least landscape painters do, for they are travelers as well, and in pursuit of their vocation visit so many remote places, and come in contact with so many different sorts of people, that they ought to be good story-tellers. The rural and sea-faring populations, with whom of necessity they have to mingle, offer many curious studies of character; and the sketcher from nature, who chances to be a writer also, may pick up among them incidents and stories by the score. I have come across many, but the brush has claimed so much of my time that, like most of my craft, I have had but little inclination to give any to the pen.

However, within the last week some circumstances have occurred under my very eyes of so tragic a nature, and associated with so terrible a story, that I am tempted, before I leave the spot, to utilize the long evenings now setting in by writing down the facts as they have come to my knowledge.

I am staying at a little public-house called the Pilot, the only hostelry in the small village of Pitsdean, situated at the foot of that enormous range of chalk cliffs which, at its highest point, is marked on the charts of the south coast as Shingle Head. The scant population is composed of a few fishermen, farm-laborers, and some lime-burners—these latter being the most numerous, for lime-burning is carried on extensively in the district, and where the chalk begins to rise from the flatter country by the beach the kilns abound. Odd gaps and roads wind down to them through the upheaved soil and fantastic masses of land-slip, rendered more fantastic by the cuttings, excavations, and blastings constantly going on. Little green plateaus jut out here and there half-way down some of the taller cliffs; and notably there is one which, overhanging a kiln on one side, and cut off on the other by a rising precipice of chalk, is accessible only by a narrow winding path descending from the upper heights.

This, together with the range of white cliffs, very varied in form, and rising in some places to hundreds of feet; the burning limekiln with its film of smoke, its dark cavernous furnace, its adjacent stack of dried gorse for fuel; the carts and horses going to and fro down the steep road to the beach, and across the sands to the little craft that has put in at flood-tide, and is now at the ebb left stranded to receive her cargo of limestone; the moving figures, and some boats—made up a bit of coast scenery which tempted me to submit for a week or so to the limited accommodation offered by the Pilot. I had marked down the scene during a long walk, and had determined to take up my quarters at the rough inn for the purpose of painting it. So six days ago I came over, bag and baggage, from Helmstone, the watering-place where I was staying, and set to work betimes the next morning.

The autumnal weather was beautiful, and the effect just what I wanted; but the little craft was absent, and as she formed a conspicuous item in the picture, I grew anxious for her appearance as the tide came in. When it was at its highest, however, she slowly rounded the headland, and dropped anchor in her old berth a little before noon. I knew that by the time the men had had their dinner she would be lying high and

dry, and taking in her cargo, in the usual picturesque fashion.

Resting for a while, I strolled down to the beach to get a closer look at her. She was rough and tub-like—as might be expected, remembering her trade—cutter-rigged, and of from fifteen to twenty tons burden. There was a deck, and cabin hatchway forward, an open hold, and the yellow letters on her black stern announced that she was the *Betsy*, of Helmstone, and that Ralph Dayner was her master. The sea was calm, but there was just enough ripple breaking on the shore to prevent the purport of some very high words issuing from the tiny cabin being heard. Nevertheless, I could make out enough to understand that there was a man abusing and bullying a woman. Once there was something very like a scream, but soon all was silent, and presently a sailor emerged from the hatchway. Calling to a boy, apparently asleep in the hold, the two got into the little boat which the cutter had in tow, and pulled ashore. Then they hauled it up on to the beach, and I saw that the man was a huge broad-shouldered, bull-necked, ill-looking fellow. As he walked away toward the kilns, exchanging a few rough words with the men at work there, and disappeared up the road leading to the village, I thought I had never seen a worse specimen of his class.

Sitting down again to my easel, I became much absorbed, and as the dinner hour left the spot quite deserted, I remained for a long time free from the interruption of any of those on-lookers who are always more or less attracted by the sight of an artist sketching. Practice has made me generally indifferent to these molestations, and so, when after a while I was conscious that some one was standing near me, I at first paid little heed to the fact. But when for a moment I chanced to turn my head, I was rather startled by the sullen and forbidding aspect of the individual at my elbow. He was a tall, thin, pale-faced man of about forty, with shaggy iron-gray beard and matted hair.

Dressed in a besmirched and seedy suit of black, and wearing an old chimney-pot hat, he looked very different from any of my usual audience; but it was not so much this which disturbed me as his unpleasant stare—a stare bent upon me, be it remarked, and not upon my picture. I could see out of the corner of my eye that he was not regarding what I was doing at all. He had his back turned too much toward the easel for that, and each time that I glanced up at him, and our eyes met, I encountered a dark, sinister scowl. I tried, however, to ignore his presence, although I confess it affected me disagreeably. By degrees, too, I had a sensation that he was trying to get nearer to me without my knowing it, and I became sure of this at last, as I furtively watched his feet. They were certainly creeping, as it were, toward me, and, without taking a stride, he had got much closer to me than he was when I first noticed him. He was now not above a yard from where I sat, and so I looked up at him at last point-blank. He winced a little under my steady glance, dropped his wild eyes for a moment, and moved slowly round to the other side. Again I tried to go on with my work and to forget him. In a more solitary place I should have felt rather uneasy; nay, was I not really feeling so now?—for here, at this hour, with the coast utterly deserted, I was as much alone as I well could be.

I did not know what to make of the fellow. Did he want to attack and rob me? He hardly looked like a pickpocket; but yet I could not doubt, from his strange behavior, that he had some sinister intention.

Resolving thus much in my mind, and seeing that he was again creeping in his cat-like stealthy way toward me, and this time, as it seemed, trying to get behind me, I stood up suddenly, and facing him, said, angrily, "What do you mean by this dodging about? If you want to see what I am doing, look at it and be off, and don't annoy me any longer."

I had pitched my easel in such a position as to make it impossible for any body to get to my rear without passing very close in front of me first; for I was about half-way up the cliff road, just at one of its zigzag bends, with a steep slope down to the beach on the left hand, and on the right a sheer wall of rising chalk. Instead of answering me, the fellow burst into a low impertinent laugh, and, slipping between the easel and the edge of the cliff, was behind me in a moment. Turning almost as rapidly, however, I was again face to face with him; and now there was barely a foot's space between us. He appeared scarcely prepared for this movement, and again winced perceptibly under my steady gaze. His long bony fingers, which were remarkably claw-like in their action and form, twitched nervously at his beard, his laugh ceased, his eyes dropped, and he shrank back as if he thought I was going to strike him, much as a fierce dog that had met his master might have done. Before I had time to speak he shyly and awkwardly, but with some politeness, raised his hat, saying, in a soft, gentle voice, "I beg your pardon: I thought I knew you. I am sorry to have disturbed you, and I wish you good-morning." Then, again slipping by me, he walked away down the road to the beach, occasionally looking back furtively over his shoulder in my direction. He passed close to the cutter, finally disappearing round some jutting rocks, with his head bent toward the ground, apparently deeply absorbed, and noticing nothing around him.

Right glad was I to see his back, for I had never been so much put out in my life by the impertinence of an idler; and the strange conduct and appearance of this man set me wondering who he could be. But the interest in my work once revived, he vanished for a time from my mind. Only when the short twilight drove me to my solitary chop in the parlor of the little inn did I think of him again, or make any inquiries.

No, the landlord didn't know nothin' at all about such a customer; he hadn't never seen his like up that way; no, nor no more hadn't the one or two natives who were by this time dropping in for their evening smoke and glass. I have said that the Pilot's accommodation is limited; and beyond my snug clean little bedroom my privacy does not go. This is no hardship, however, for I have always been used to roughing it; and there is nothing objectionable to me in occasionally mingling with the homely frequenters of a village ale-house. Thus I smoked my pipe, and listened to or chatted with the few customers as they came in from time to time. Several of them had seen me at work during the day; but of course, as it was while they were absent that my strange visitor had appeared, and as they knew nothing of him otherwise, they could give no information.

At a table in the farthest corner of the room—which was fairly spacious, considering the size of the house—in company with two workmen from the limekilns, sat the ill-looking fellow whom I had seen come ashore from the cutter. As it was getting late, I was surprised to see him there, and asked of a fisherman close beside me how it was this man had not gone off with his craft and her cargo before it got dark.

"Oh," said the man in an under-tone, "he be's a proper radical sort o' chap, that Ralph Dayner; there's never no knowin' what he'll be up to! Somewhiles he'll go hisself right eno', and somewhiles he'll just leave it to his lad and his missus, and go off on the drink for a week or two at a time; and I reckon that's what he's up to now. I reckon the boy and one o' our men ull take the *Betsy* round to Helmstone to-night better than he would hisself; and his missus won't be none the worse for it neither. Proper radical he be's to her too somewhiles sure-ly!"

"Ill uses her?" I suggested.

"Yes, I reckon he does," went on the man; "and she be a poor sad sort o' creatur too, kind o' cracky they do say somewhiles. Harmless eno', you know, Sir, but a little weak in her head like, and that makes it all the worse for her, don't you see?"

Of course I could see plainly enough, and of course I could now understand the sounds I had heard from on board the cutter in the morning.

Our farther talk was here interrupted by the sound of wheels stopping at the door of the inn, followed by the hurried entrance of two strangers. One was a strong, broad-shouldered man, in appearance rather like an upper groom out of livery; the other, also tall and strong, looked like a doctor. He said, abruptly, "Do any of you here happen to have seen wandering about over the downs and cliffs to-day a tall, thin, pale-faced man, with a beard, dressed in black, and wearing a high hat?"

I instantly replied that certainly I had seen a person answering this description, and I briefly told the gentleman under what circumstances.

"That's he," he replied, "without doubt. Now look here," he added, addressing the company generally, who were of course all attention; "he is a madman, and this morning he escaped from the asylum at Helmstone. Now I offer five pounds reward to any one who shall be the means of helping us to secure him. Depend upon it he is not far off, but as it is dark, I am afraid we may not be able to find him till the morning. Still, if any of you who know the country well will guide me and my man, we will go and do what we can. He'll be stowing himself away under some barn or hay-rick, or down on the shore somewhere perhaps. Can you let us have a lantern or two, landlord?"

Naturally the whole roomful was astir by this time. Every one volunteered his services, and a couple of lanterns being produced, and a move made toward the door, the doctor paused as he reached it, and said, "Now, steady! I must warn you of one thing: he is very dangerous, what we call a homicidal maniac—that is to say, he will try to murder, try to strangle, any body he gets hold of who shows the slightest fear of him. He has already killed a man in his madness; that is why he has been shut up. But if you face him boldly, look straight into his eyes, and show that you are not afraid of him, you will have no more difficulty in dealing with him than you would with one of the sheep on these hills; but if he sees you shrink from him for an instant, he'll have his fingers in your neckcloth before you know where you are, and slight as he is, he is as strong as a lion."

I need not say what flashed through my mind at this moment, or how thankful I felt for the escape I had had. Among the six or eight eager, listening faces turned toward the doctor while he spoke there was only one that grew pale: the tallest and biggest man in the room was the only one who showed the slightest sign of cowardice. This was Ralph Dayner, the owner of the cutter, who, at the conclusion of the doctor's words, drew back, unperceived by every body but me, to the corner where he had been sitting, and, with something that was very like a shudder, sank moodily into his chair, and took a deep draught of the liquor in front of him. I was the last to leave the room as the little crowd went forth into the night, and I left him still sitting there.

Having, by the aid of a lantern, conducted the doctor to the spot where I had been sketching, and pointed out the way the man had taken when he left me, I returned to the inn, having no mind to assist farther in the exciting search. Dayner had not moved from his corner in the parlor when I peeped in, and I went to bed full of uncomfortable reflections upon the escape I had had from the clutch of those long bony fingers. Had not something urged me to assume an angry, dominant tone toward the unfortunate madman as promptly as I did, there is no doubt he would have wreaked his homicidal propensities upon me. He would have crept to within a springing distance, and then, like a wild beast, would have strangled me, or thrown me over the cliff. As it was, finding me prepared and resolute, he suddenly assumed the fawning tone and hypocritical manner which I have understood to be part of the cunning displayed by those afflicted with this direst of diseases.

With no small regret I learned next morning that the search proved fruitless, and that the lunatic was still at large. It was very much like hearing that a man-eating tiger was prowling about the neighborhood, and I confess to having hesitated about going on with my work. Yet I could not well afford to lose a day, and as I had shown myself master of the situation once, I would rely on being able to do so again. Therefore, keeping a sharp look-out, it was not long ere I was ensconced in my old position, and fully engrossed with my sketch. As luck would have it, the spot was unusually quiet to-day. The kilns, though still burning, were not being fed; the *Betsy* did not come round from Helmstone; and with the exception now and then of two or three natives loafing about, on the watch, as they said, "for that theer cracky chap, as nobody 'cept the gentleman a-draftin' had clapped eyes on," I had the cliffs and the road all to myself, just at the very time when I could have cheerfully submitted to a little company.

Late in the afternoon the doctor and his man, both looking weary and travel-stained from their want of rest and long tramp, paid me a short visit. Their scouts, they said, had failed to find any trace of the fugitive. Indeed, I believe the doctor was inclined to doubt the statement I had made, for he cross-examined me again and again upon the whole matter. An hour or more passed; the beach, as far as the eye could stretch, was quite deserted, as also were the tops of the cliffs, along which, from my position, I could see some way. The sun was declining, the thin film of blue smoke from the limekiln rose prettily across the little green plateau before mentioned, and the whole effect at this time was one of perfect calm and peace, but also one of intense loneliness. At last, however, this was rudely broken by the appearance of Ralph Dayner coming down the road. He was far from sober, and lurched and staggered in his gait. He stopped now and then, and appeared to be looking vacantly about seaward for his vessel. As he neared me he said, sulkily,

"D'ye 'appen t' ha' seen that theer boat o' mine?"

"Not since yesterday," I replied, shortly.

"Not since yesterday?" he repeated, moodily, first turning his blood-shot eyes upon me, and then toward the spot where she had been lying. "What d'ye mean by yesterday? What's yesterday? 'Twarn't yesterday I brought her round, was it? No, couldn't ha' been," he continued to mutter; "'twas s-mornin'. Where the blazes is she gone?"

And then he staggered a pace or two farther down the road, stopped, came back, scowled at me, muttered another oath, and retreated by the way he had come.

I had watched him reach the second bend in the road above me, when I saw him suddenly give a start—much as if he had seen a ghost—and set off running with all his might. Wondering what could have produced such unlooked-for agility in a man of his bulk, I beheld, at about twenty yards from him, a tall dark figure emerging stealthily from out of one of the many cuttings or chalk-pits by the side of the road. I immediately recognized the madman. He was without his hat, and was stooping or crouching, as it seemed at first, but as Dayner took to his heels, he presently set off running after him.

I stood up from my easel and shouted. I had a whistle with me, and blew it with all my might—did every thing I could to raise an alarm. For a moment a turn in the road hid alike pursuer and pursued from my view, but presently they both stood out clear against the evening sky, upon the top of the nearest high cliff. The pace at which the heavier man moved was extraordinary: fear seemed to have lent him wings; nevertheless the other was steadily gaining on him, and for an instant it looked as if they might encounter at the cliff edge, for they were running straight toward it. While I trembled at the thought of what might then follow, for I could imagine that in his blind terror Dayner did not know in which direction he was running, he turned nimbly and doubled back like a hare; but again feeling himself overtaken, hearing, doubtless, the quick breathing of his pursuer almost in his ear (for the latter, with outstretched arm, seemed about to have him in his grip), the terrified fugitive took suddenly to the little winding path that led from the upper height down to the green plateau overhanging the limekiln. The remnant of his wits fairly scared out of him, he probably hardly saw whither he was going, or he would have remembered that, as from here there was no escape, a struggle for life would surely ensue.

Reaching the grass, Dayner made for the ledge above the kiln, and this brought him to within fifty yards of where I was standing. I could see the terror in his white bloated face; and as his bewildered gaze fell upon the yawning red-hot pit of burning lime beneath him, and he knew that he was caged, he threw up his arms with a shriek, and turning round, encountered the maniac face to face. They closed in an instant; the fatal grip was already on Dayner's throat. Despite every effort, he failed to shake it off, or even to relax it in the least; but his enormous strength enabled him to lift his antagonist off the ground as if he had been a child.

As he did so they fell, but Dayner downward, and for several moments they were rolling in a huddled heap together, the thin sinewy form of the madman clinging to and entwining the other's bulky frame as a serpent might coil round an elephant. Dayner struggled to his feet again, and in the wild whirl which followed I saw from the deepening color of his face that those terrible fingers must be tightening their hold.

It was a fearful spectacle! Hither and thither for a few moments more upon that narrow ledge of turf the two bodies swayed, now going with a heavy thud against the wall of chalk on the one side, and then staggering perilously near the sheer down cliff above the kiln on the other. Twice again they fell, and twice again Dayner got to his feet. He was now tearing at the madman's beard and hair, and dealing smashing blows with his huge fists at the face of his foe; but the grip evidently never for an instant lessened; it was steadily doing its fatal work upon the victim.

All of a sudden the big man's strength seemed to fail him entirely. Once more the two dropped to the ground, this time so close to the edge of the plateau that in another instant, before I could well realize the horror of the event, they had fallen, locked in their deadly embrace with each other, into the fiery depths of the limekiln below!

An inquest on the unrecognizable charred remains of the two miserable men has brought out the terrible sequel to this tale of brutality and madness. That afternoon, while the whole village was in commotion at the news, there arrived two policemen from Helmstone asking for Ralph Dayner. It appeared that the lad who helped him to sail his craft, finding his master did not return in time to save the daylight on the previous evening, got one of the boatmen from the beach to aid him in taking her back to the neighboring port, as he had had to do on many other occasions when, as my fisherman friend had suggested, the burly ruffian had taken to a drinking bout. The man and the boy got into Helmstone (that place not being above an hour's sail off) just at night-fall; but on their way, not hearing any thing of Mrs. Dayner, they looked into the little fore-cabin, and, to their dismay, found the poor woman bleeding and almost senseless. She faintly told them that her husband had struck her a tremendous blow just before he left his boat in the morning; and they had hardly got her on shore when she died from its effects.

A dreadful retribution had overtaken her murderer, and I had witnessed it, as also had many others; for besides being attracted to the spot by my shouts and whistlings, some of the natives of Pitsdean had caught sight of the beginning of that chase for life, and of course had followed it up. But, from a strange coincidence, accident, or whatever it may have been, the instrument selected by Fate to deal this act of retributive justice turned out to have been a fearfully fitting one—the miserable maniac being none other than the brother of Mrs. Dayner. The taint of madness was in the family, and once, long ago, it was proved he had attacked her husband, after some high words between them, and nearly strangled him. This was the first sign of that homicidal mania which, early leading to one murder, as the doctor had stated, terminated in the catastrophe I beheld. This accounted for Dayner's behavior when he first heard of the lunatic being at large, and the abject terror he displayed on seeing him suddenly emerge from the chalk-pit. His nerves, shattered by his dissolute life doubtless, the recollection of those terrible fingers, which had once already been at his throat, scared his wits utterly, and led to his seeking safety in flight, the one course of all others the most fatal to have adopted in the presence of such a madman.

I doubt if I shall ever have the heart to finish my sketch. I fear I can never look upon its lines without seeing that awful death-struggle still going on upon the little green plateau which is so prominent a feature in the subject. At present the canvas stands with its face to the wall; and every thing concerning the tragedy being now over, and my presence of no farther use, I think the wisest thing I can do is to pack up and quit the Pilot to-morrow morning, endeavoring as far as possible to forget my visit to Pitsdean, and all connected with it.

CALIFORNIA PETROLEUM.

PROFESSOR PECKHAM has recently communicated an elaborate paper to the *American Chemist* upon the asphaltum of California, in which he takes occasion to refute the idea that the California bitumen deposits in any respect represent the oil springs of the East. He remarks that bitumen occurs there of every variety, from gene petroleum, of the consistence of olive-oil, to solid asphaltum, heavier than water. Of this there are millions of tons, some of it pure, but mostly mixed with earthy or organic matter. He, however, is decided in his conviction that there is not a particle of asphalt, nor any other natural bituminous product in that region—that is, a residum from the evaporation of petroleum—but that it is essentially a product of oxidation.

If the former view were the correct one, then there would be every warrant for incurring even very great expense in boring so as to reach the unaltered oil, but that the contrary is the case is shown by the fact that maltha or tar of varying density has been obtained at from ten to four hundred and sixty feet from the surface—a depth too great to admit the slightest action of the sun's rays. Nor is he satisfied that the evaporation is due to the action of subterranean heat, since, where such action was most apparent, in the vicinity of a certain spring the petroleum was least dense and most slightly altered.

The only natural springs of petroleum that Mr. Peckham has seen in California are the Cañada Laga and the Pico springs. But, wherever examined, he was satisfied that the change from

LOOKING FOR BREAKFAST.

petroleum to maltha was due to the action of atmospheric oxygen, either direct, or transmitted by rain-water.

Contrary to the experience with the Pennsylvania petroleums, he has never been able to find in those of California a particle of either the crude materials nor any substance distilled from them that contained a trace of paraffine or any other solid matter. For this and other reasons he is decidedly of the opinion that the California hydrocarbons are of very little value as regards their products of distillation, and that the difficulty of mining them, even for such purposes as they might be adapted to, is such as to render them of comparatively little commercial value, except in a few cases.

LOOKING FOR BREAKFAST.

HERON-HAWKING, once the favorite pastime of lords and ladies, has never been introduced into this country, and a recent attempt to revive the sport in England met with no encouragement from the only class by which it could be sustained. The sport was exciting and exhilarating. The trained falcon, borne hooded to the field on a lady's wrist, was loosed at the proper moment, and his piercing glance directed to the soaring game. Fierce was the flight in pursuit, and the falcon being stronger and swifter of wing, though a much smaller bird, generally succeeded in bringing down its prey. Rising high above the heron, it would poise itself an instant in mid-air, and then, with lightning rapidity, dart down upon its victim. Sometimes a heron of greater courage and presence of mind than most of its kind would manage to impale the descending falcon upon its upturned beak.

Herons are found in most parts of the world, but they migrate to warm regions as winter comes on. They are generally seen standing in swamps, pools, and shallow rivers, with the long neck drawn down between the shoulders, solemnly waiting for their prey to come within reach. No sooner does an unwary fish or frog appear than the long bill is darted forth with unerring aim, the victim seized and swallowed. Herons usually build their nests in high trees, in the neighborhood of rivers or ponds. Their flight is at times very high, and is performed with the legs hanging behind and the long neck and head resting on the back. Though once esteemed a royal bird in respect to game, its flesh is utterly unfit for food. The heron in our picture has evidently just flown down from his nest, and is looking out for a promising spot to take up his solitary position, where in solemn laziness he can stand on the look-out for prey. He has, when standing in the water, a sleepy, not to say stupid, appearance, but woe to the unlucky frog or fish that ventures within reach of that voracious bill. In spite of his dull looks, he is one of the most quick-sighted of birds, and when his wits are sharpened by hunger, allows nothing to escape him.

(Continued from No. 881, page 1032.)

PHINEAS REDUX.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Lady Anna," "He Knew he was Right," "Orley Farm," "Can You Forgive Her?" "The Small House at Allington," "Phineas Finn," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE QUARREL.

ON that Wednesday evening Phineas Finn was at the Universe. He dined at the house of Madame Goesler, and went from thence to the club in better spirits than he had known for some weeks past. The Duke and Duchess had been at Madame Goesler's, and Lord and Lady Chiltern, who were now up in town, with Barrington Erle, and—as it had happened—old Mr. Maule. The dinner had been very pleasant, and two or three words had been spoken which had tended to raise the heart of our hero. In the first place, Barrington Erle had expressed a regret that Phineas was not at his old post at the Colonies, and the young Duke had re-echoed it. Phineas thought that the manner of his old friend Erle was more cordial to him than it had been lately, and even that comforted him. Then it was a delight to him to meet the Chilterns, who were always gracious to him. But perhaps his greatest pleasure came from the reception which was accorded by his hostess to Mr. Maule, which was of a nature not easy to describe. It had become evident to Phineas that Mr. Maule was constant in his attentions to Madame Goesler, and, though he had no purpose of his own in reference to the lady, though he was aware that former circumstances—circumstances of that previous life to which he was accustomed to look back as to another existence—made it impossible that he should have any such purpose, still he viewed Mr. Maule with dislike. He had once ventured to ask her whether she really liked "that old padded dandy." She had answered that she did like the old dandy. Old dandies, she thought, were preferable to old men who did not care how they looked; and as for the padding, that was his affair, not hers. She did not know why a man should not have a pad in his coat, as well as a woman one at the back of her head. But Phineas had known that this was her gentle raillery, and now he was delighted to find that she continued it, after a still more gentle fashion, before the man's face. Mr. Maule's manner was certainly peculiar. He was more than ordinarily polite, and was afterward declared by the Duchess to have made love like an old gander. But Madame Goesler, who knew exactly how to receive such attentions, turned a glance now and then upon Phineas Finn, which he could now read with absolute precision. "You see how I can dispose of a padded old dandy directly he goes an inch too far." No words could have said that to him more plainly than did these one or two glances; and, as he had learned to dislike Mr. Maule, he was gratified.

Of course they all talked about Lady Eustace and Mr. Emilius. "Do you remember how intensely interested the dear old Duke used to be when we none of us knew what had become of the diamonds?" said the Duchess.

"And how you took her part," said Madame Goesler.

"So did you, just as much as I; and why not? She was a most interesting young woman, and I sincerely hope we have not got to the end of her yet. The worst of it is that she has got into such—very bad hands. The Bonteens have taken her up altogether. Do you know her, Mr. Finn?"

"No, Duchess; and am hardly likely to make her acquaintance while she remains where she is now." The Duchess laughed and nodded her head. All the world knew by this time that she had declared herself to be the sworn enemy of the Bonteens.

And there had been some conversation on that terribly difficult question respecting the foxes in Trumpeton Wood. "The fact is, Lord Chiltern," said the Duke, "I'm as ignorant as a child. I would do right if I knew how. What ought I to do? Shall I import some foxes?"

"I don't suppose, Duke, that in all England there is a spot in which foxes are more prone to breed."

"Indeed. I'm very glad of that. But something goes wrong afterward, I fear."

"The nurseries are not well managed, perhaps," said the Duchess.

"Gypsy kidnapers are allowed about the place," said Madame Goesler.

"Gypsies!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Poachers!" said Lord Chiltern. "But it isn't that we mind. We could deal with that ourselves if the woods were properly managed. A head of game and foxes can be reared together very well, if—"

"I don't care a straw for a head of game, Lord Chiltern. As far as my own tastes go, I would wish that there was neither a pheasant nor a partridge nor a hare on any property that I own. I think that sheep and barn-door fowls do better for every body in the long-run, and that men who can not live without shooting should go beyond thickly populated regions to find it. And, indeed, for myself, I must say the same about foxes. They do not interest me, and I fancy that they will gradually be exterminated."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Lord Chiltern.

"But I do not find myself called upon to exterminate them myself," continued the Duke. "The number of men who amuse themselves by riding after one fox is too great for me to wish to interfere with them. And I know that my neighbors in the country conceive it to be my duty to have foxes for them. I will oblige them, Lord Chiltern, as far as I can without detriment to other duties."

"You leave it to me," said the Duchess to her neighbor, Lord Chiltern. "I'll speak to Mr. Fothergill myself, and have it put right." It unfortunately happened, however, that Lord Chiltern got a letter the very next morning from old Doggett telling him that a litter of young cubs had been destroyed that week in Trumpeton Wood.

Barrington Erle and Phineas went off to the Universe together, and as they went the old terms of intimacy seemed to be re-established between them. "Nobody can be so sorry as I am," said Barrington, "at the manner in which things have gone. When I wrote to you, of course I thought it certain that, if we came in, you would come with us."

"Do not let that fret you."

"But it does fret me—very much. There are so many slips that of course no one can answer for any thing."

"Of course not. I know who has been my friend."

"The joke of it is that he himself is at present so utterly friendless. The Duke will hardly speak to him. I know that as a fact. And Gresham has begun to find something is wrong. We all hoped that he would refuse to come in without a seat in the Cabinet; but that was too good to be true. They say he talks of resigning. I shall believe it when I see it. He'd better not play any tricks, for if he did resign, it would be accepted at once." Phineas when he heard this could not help thinking how glorious it would be if Mr. Bonteen were to resign, and if the place so vacated, or some vacancy so occasioned, were to be filled by him!

They reached the club together, and as they went up the stairs, they heard the hum of many voices in the room. "All the world and his wife are here to-night," said Phineas. They overtook a couple of men at the door, so that there was something of the bustle of a crowd as they entered. There was a difficulty in finding places in which to put their coats and hats, for the accommodation of the Universe is not great. There was a knot of men talking not far from them, and among the voices Phineas could clearly hear that of Mr. Bonteen. Ratler's he had heard before, and also Fitzgibbon's, though he had not distinguished any words from them. But those spoken by Mr. Bonteen he did distinguish very plainly. "Mr. Phineas Finn, or some such fellow as that, would be after her at once," said Mr. Bonteen. Then Phineas walked immediately among the knot of men and showed himself. As soon as he heard his name mentioned, he doubted for a moment what he would do. Mr. Bonteen when speaking had not known of his presence, and it might be his duty not to seem to have listened. But the speech had been made aloud, in the open room—so that those who chose might listen; and Phineas could not but have heard it. In that moment he resolved that he was bound to take notice of what he had heard. "What is it, Mr. Bonteen, that Phineas Finn will do?" he asked.

Mr. Bonteen had been—dining. He was not a man by any means habitually intemperate, and now any one saying that he was tipsy would have maligned him. But he was flushed with much wine, and he was a man whose arrogance in that condition was apt to become extreme. "In vino veritas!" The sober devil can hide his cloven hoof; but when the devil drinks, he loses his cunning and grows honest. Mr. Bonteen looked Phineas full in the face a second or two before he answered, and then said, quite aloud, "You have crept upon us unawares, Sir."

"What do you mean by that, Sir?" said Phineas. "I have come in as any other man comes."

"Listeners, at any rate, never hear any good of themselves."

Then there were present among those assembled clear indications of disapproval of Bonteen's conduct. In these days, when no palpable and immediate punishment is at hand for personal insolence from man to man, personal insolence to one man in a company seems almost to constitute an insult to every one present. When men could fight readily, an arrogant word or two between two known to be hostile to each other was only an invitation to a duel, and the angry man was doing that for which it was known that he could be made to pay. There was, or it was often thought that there was, a real spirit in the angry man's conduct, and they who were his friends before became perhaps more his friends when he had thus shown that he had an enemy. But a different feeling prevails at present—a feeling so different that we may almost say that a man in general society can not speak even roughly to any but his intimate comrades without giving offense to all around him. Men have learned to hate the nuisance of a row, and to feel that their comfort is endangered if a man prone to rows gets among them. Of all candidates at a club a known quarreler is more sure of black-balls now than even in the times when such a one provoked duels. Of all bores he is the worst; and there is always an unexpressed feeling that such a one exacts more from his company than his share of attention. This is so strong that too often the man quarreled with, though he be as innocent as was Phineas on the present occasion, is made subject to the general aversion which is felt for men who misbehave themselves.

"I wish to hear no good of myself from you," said Phineas, following him to his seat. "Who is it that you said—I should be after?" The room was full, and every one there, even they who had come in with Phineas, knew that Lady Eustace was the woman. Every body at present was talking about Lady Eustace.

"Never mind," said Barrington Erle, taking him by the arm. "What's the use of a row?"

"No use at all; but if you heard your name mentioned in such a manner you would find it impossible to pass it over. There is Mr. Monk; ask him."

Mr. Monk was sitting very quietly in a corner of the room with another gentleman of his own age by him, one devoted to literary pursuits and a constant attendant at the Universe. As he said afterward, he had never known any unpleasantness of that sort in the club before. There were many men of note in the room. There was a foreign Minister, a member of the Cabinet, two ex-members of the Cabinet, a great poet, an exceedingly able editor, two earls, two members of the Royal Academy, the president of a learned society, a celebrated professor, and it was expected that Royalty might come in at any minute, speak a few benign words, and blow a few clouds of smoke. It was abominable that the harmony of such a meeting should be interrupted by the vinous insolence of Mr. Bonteen, and the useless wrath of Phineas Finn. "Really, Mr. Finn, if I were you I would let it drop," said the gentleman devoted to literary pursuits.

Phineas did not much affect the literary gentleman, but in such a matter would prefer the advice of Mr. Monk to that of any man living. He again appealed to his friend. "You heard what was said?"

"I heard Mr. Bonteen remark that you or somebody like you would in certain circumstances be after a certain lady. I thought it to be an ill-judged speech, and as your particular friend I heard it with great regret."

"What a row about nothing!" said Mr. Bonteen, rising from his seat. "We were speaking of a very pretty woman, and I was saying that some young fellow generally supposed to be fond of pretty women would soon be after her. If that offends your morals you must have become very strict of late."

There was something in the explanation which, though very bad and vulgar, it was almost impossible not to accept. Such at least was the feeling of those who stood around Phineas Finn. He himself knew that Mr. Bonteen had intended to assert that he would be after the woman's money, and not her beauty; but he had taste enough to perceive that he could not descend to any such detail as that. "There are reasons, Mr. Bonteen," he said, "why I think you should abstain from mentioning my name in public. Your playful references should be made to your friends, and not to those who, to say the least of it, are not your friends."

When the matter was discussed afterward it was thought that Phineas Finn should have abstained from making the last speech. It was certainly evidence of great anger on his part. And he was very angry. He knew that he had been insulted, and insulted by the man whom of all men he would feel most disposed to punish for any offense. He could not allow Mr. Bonteen to have the last word, especially as a certain amount of success had seemed to attend them. Fate at the moment was so far propitious to Phineas that outward circumstances saved him from any immediate reply, and thus left him in some degree triumphant. Expected Royalty arrived, and cast its salutary oil upon the troubled waters. The Prince, with some well-known popular attendant, entered the room, and for a moment every gentleman rose from his chair. It was but for a moment, and then the Prince became as any other gentleman, talking to his friends. One or two there present, who had perhaps peculiarly royal instincts, had crept up toward him so as to make him the centre of a little knot, but otherwise conversation went on much as it had done before the unfortunate arrival of Phineas. That quarrel, however, had been very distinctly trodden under foot by the Prince, for Mr. Bonteen had found himself quite incapacitated from throwing back any missile in reply to the last that had been hurled at him.

Phineas took a vacant seat next to Mr. Monk—who was deficient, perhaps, in royal instincts—and asked him in a whisper his opinion of what had taken place. "Do not think any more of it," said Mr. Monk.

"That is so much more easily said than done. How am I not to think of it?"

"Of course I mean that you are to act as though you had forgotten it."

"Did you ever know a more gratuitous insult? Of course he was talking of that Lady Eustace."

"I had not been listening to him before, but no doubt he was. I need not tell you now what I think of Mr. Bonteen. He is not more gracious in my eyes than he is in yours. To-night I fancy he has been drinking, which has not improved him. You may be sure of this, Phineas, that the less of resentful anger you show in such a wretched affair as took place just now, the more will be the blame attached to him, and the less to you."

"Why should any blame be attached to me?"

"I don't say that any will, unless you allow yourself to become loud and resentful. The thing is not worth your anger."

"I am angry."

"Then go to bed at once, and sleep it off. Come with me, and we'll walk home together."

"It isn't the proper thing, I fancy, to leave the room while the Prince is here."

"Then I must do the improper thing," said Mr. Monk. "I haven't a key, and I mustn't keep my servant up any longer. A quiet man like me can creep out without notice. Good-night, Phineas, and take my advice about this. If you can't forget it, act and speak and look as though you had forgotten it." Then Mr. Monk, without much creeping, left the room.

The club was very full, and there was a clatter of voices, and the clatter round the Prince was the noisiest and merriest. Mr. Bonteen was there, of course, and Phineas as he sat alone could hear him as he edged his words in upon the royal ears. Every now and again there was a royal joke, and then Mr. Bonteen's laughter was conspicuous. As far as Phineas could distinguish the sounds no special amount of the royal attention was devoted to Mr. Bonteen. That very able editor, and one of the Academicians, and the poet, seemed to be the most honored, and when the Prince went—which he did when his cigar was finished—Phineas observed with inward satisfaction that the royal hand, which was given to the poet, to the editor, and to the painter, was not extended to the President of the Board of Trade. And then, having taken delight in this, he accused himself of meanness in having even observed a matter so trivial. Soon after

"HOLDING THE DUCHESS'S LETTER IN HER HAND, SHE BURST INTO A FIT OF HYSTERIC SOBS."

this a ruck of men left the club, and then Phineas rose to go. As he went down the stairs Barrington Erle followed him with Laurence Fitzgibbon, and the three stood for a moment at the door in the street talking to each other. Finn's way lay eastward from the club, whereas both Erle and Fitzgibbon would go westward toward their homes. "How well the Prince behaves at these sort of places!" said Erle.

"Princes ought to behave well," said Phineas.

"Somebody else didn't behave very well—eh, Finn, my boy?" said Laurence.

"Somebody else, as you call him," replied Phineas, "is very unlike a prince, and never does behave well. To-night, however, he surpassed himself."

"Don't bother your mind about it, old fellow," said Barrington.

"I tell you what it is, Erle," said Phineas. "I don't think that I'm a vindictive man by nature, but with that man I mean to make it even some of these days. You know as well as I do what it is he has done to me, and you know also whether I have deserved it. Wretched reptile that he is! He has pretty nearly been able to ruin me—and all from some petty feeling of jealousy."

"Finn, my boy, don't talk like that," said Laurence.

"You shouldn't show your hand," said Barrington.

"I know what you mean, and it's all very well. After your different fashions you two have been true to me, and I don't care how much you see of my hand. That man's insolence angers me to such an extent that I can not refrain from speaking out. He hasn't spirit enough to go out with me, or I would shoot him."

"Blankenberg, eh?" said Laurence, alluding to the now notorious duel which had once been fought in that place between Phineas and Lord Chiltern.

"I would," continued the angry man. "There are times in which one is driven to regret that there has come an end to dueling, and there is left to one no immediate means of resenting an injury."

As they were speaking, Mr. Bonteen came out from the front-door alone, and, seeing the three men standing, passed on toward the left, eastward. "Good-night, Erle," he said; "good-night, Fitzgibbon." The two men answered him, and Phineas stood back in the gloom. It was about one o'clock, and the night was very dark. "By George, I do dislike that man!" said Phineas. Then, with a laugh, he took a life-preserver out of his pocket, and made an action with it as though he were striking some enemy over the head. In those days there had been much garroting in the streets, and writers in the Press had advised those who walked about at night to go armed with sticks. Phineas Finn had himself been once engaged with garroters—as has been told in a former chronicle—and had since armed himself, thinking more probably of the thing which he had happened to see than men do who had only heard of it. As soon as he had spoken, he followed Mr. Bonteen down the street, at the distance of perhaps a couple of hundred yards.

"They won't have a row, will they?" said Erle.

"Oh dear, no; Finn won't think of speaking to him; and you may be sure that Bonteen won't say a word to Finn. Between you and me, Barrington, I wish Master Phineas would give him a thorough good hiding."

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHAT CAME OF THE QUARREL.

ON the next morning at seven o'clock a superintendent of police called at the house of Mr. Gresham, and informed the Prime Minister that Mr. Bonteen, the President of the Board of Trade, had been murdered during the night. There was no doubt of the fact. The body had been recognized, and information had been taken to the unfortunate widow at the house Mr. Bonteen had occupied in St. James's Place. The superintendent had already found out that Mr. Bonteen had been attacked as he was returning from his club late at night, or, rather, early in the morning, and expressed no doubt that he had been murdered close to the spot on which his body was found. There is a dark, uncanny-looking passage running from the end of Bolton Row, in May Fair, between the gardens of two great noblemen, coming out among the mews in Berkeley Street, at the corner of Berkeley Square, just opposite to the bottom of Hay Hill. It was on the steps leading up from the passage to the level of the ground above that the body was found. The passage was almost as near a way as any from the club to Mr. Bonteen's house in St. James's Place; but the superintendent declared that gentlemen but seldom used the passage after dark, and he was disposed to think that the unfortunate man must have been forced down the steps by the ruffian who had attacked him from the level above. The murderer, so thought the superintendent, must have been cognizant of the way usually taken by Mr. Bonteen, and must have lain in wait for him in the darkness of the mouth of the passage. The superintendent had been at work on his inquiries since four in the morning, and had heard from Lady Eustace—and from Mrs. Bonteen, as far as that poor distracted woman had been able to tell her story—some account of the cause of quarrel between the respective husbands of those two ladies. The officer, who had not as yet heard a word of the late disturbance between Mr. Bonteen and Phineas Finn, was strongly of opinion that the Reverend Mr. Emilius had been the murderer. Mr. Gresham, of course, coincided in that opinion. What steps had been taken as to the arrest of Mr. Emilius? The superintendent was of opinion that Mr. Emilius was already in custody. He was known to be lodging close to the Marylebone Work-house, in Northumberland Street, having removed to that somewhat obscure neighborhood as soon as his house in Lowndes Square had been broken up by the running away of his wife and his consequent want of means. Such was the story as told to the Prime Minister at seven o'clock in the morning.

At eleven o'clock, at his private room at the Treasury Chambers, Mr. Gresham heard much more. At that time there were present with him two officers of the police force, his colleagues in the Cabinet, Lord Cantrip, and the Duke of Omnium, three of his junior colleagues in the Government, Lord Fawn, Barrington Erle, and Laurence Fitzgibbon, and Major Mackintosh, the chief of the London police. It was not exactly part of the duty of Mr. Gresham to investigate the circumstances of this murder; but there was so much in it that brought it closely home to him and his Government that it became impossible for him not to concern himself in the business. There had been so much talk about Mr. Bonteen lately, his name had been so common in the newspapers, the ill usage which he had been supposed by some to have suffered had been so freely discussed, and his quarrel, not only with Phineas Finn, but subsequently with the Duke of Omnium, had been so widely known, that his sudden death created more momentary excitement than might probably have followed that of a greater man. And now, too, the facts of the past night, as they became known, seemed to make the crime more wonderful, more exciting, more momentous, than it would have been had it been brought clearly home to such a wretch as the Bohemian Jew, Yosef Mealyus, who had contrived to cheat that wretched Lizzie Eustace into marrying him.

As regarded Yosef Mealyus, the story now told respecting him was this. He was already in custody. He had been found in bed at his lodgings between seven and eight, and had, of course, given himself up without difficulty. He had seemed to be horror-struck when he heard of the man's death, but had openly expressed his joy. "He has endeavored to ruin me, and has done me a world of harm. Why should I sorrow for him?" he said to the policeman when rebuked for his inhumanity. But nothing had been found tending to implicate him in the crime. The servant declared that he had gone to bed before eleven o'clock, to her knowledge—for she had seen him there—and that he had not left the house afterward. Was he in possession of a latch-key? It appeared that he did usually carry a latch-key, but that it was often borrowed from him by members of the family when it was known that he would not want it himself, and that it had been so lent on this night. It was considered certain by those in the house that he had not gone out after he went to bed. Nobody, in fact, had left the house after ten; but, in accordance with his usual custom, Mr. Emilius had sent down the key as soon as he had found that he would not want it, and it had been all night in the custody of the mistress of the establishment. Nevertheless, his clothes were examined minutely, but without affording any evidence against him. That Mr. Bonteen had been killed with some blunt weapon, such as a life-preserver, was assumed by the police, but no such weapon was in the possession of Mr. Emilius, nor had any such weapon yet been found. He was, however, in custody, with no evidence against him except that which was afforded by his known and acknowledged enmity to Mr. Bonteen.

So far Major Mackintosh and the two officers had told their story. Then came the united story of the other gentlemen assembled, from hearing which, however, the two police officers were debarred. The Duke and Barrington Erle had both dined in company with Phineas Finn at Madame Goesler's, and the Duke was undoubtedly aware that ill-blood had existed between Finn and Mr. Bonteen. Both Erle and Fitzgibbon described the quarrel at the club, and described also the anger which Finn had expressed against the wretched man as he stood talking at the club door. His gesture of vengeance was remembered and repeated, though both the men who heard it expressed their strongest conviction that the murder had not been committed by him. As Erle remarked, the very expression of such a threat was almost proof that he had not at that moment any intention on his mind of doing such a deed as had been done. But they told also of the life-preserver which Finn had shown them, as he took it from the pocket of his outside coat, and they marveled at the coincidences of the night. Then Lord Fawn gave further evidence, which seemed to tell very hardly upon Phineas Finn. He also had been at the club, and had left it just before Finn and the two other men had clustered at the door. He had walked very slowly, having turned down to Curzon Street and Bolton Row, from whence he made his way into Piccadilly by Clarges Street. He had seen nothing of Mr. Bonteen; but as he crossed over to Clarges Street he was passed at a very rapid pace by a man muffled in a top-coat, who made his way straight along Bolton Row toward the passage which has been described. At the moment he had not connected the person of the man who passed him with any acquaintance of his own; but he now felt sure, after what he had heard, that the man was Mr. Finn. As he passed out of the club Finn was putting on his overcoat, and Lord Fawn had observed the peculiarity of the gray color. It was exactly a similar coat, only with its collar raised, that had passed him in the street. The man, too, was of Mr. Finn's height and build. He had known Mr. Finn well, and the man stepped with Mr. Finn's step. Major Mackintosh thought that Lord Fawn's evidence was—"very unfortunate as regarded Mr. Finn."

"I'm d—d if that idiot won't hang poor Phinny," said Fitzgibbon afterward to Erle. "And yet I don't believe a word of it."

"Fawn wouldn't lie for the sake of hanging Phineas Finn," said Erle.

"No; I don't suppose he's given to lying at all. He believes it all. But he's such a muddle-headed fellow that he can get himself to believe any thing. He's one of those men who always unconsciously exaggerate what they have to say for the sake of the importance it gives them." It might be possible that a jury would look at Lord Fawn's evidence in this light; otherwise it would bear very heavily indeed against Phineas Finn.

Then a question arose as to the road which Mr. Bonteen usually took from the club. All the members who were there present had walked home with him at various times, and by various routes, but never by the way through the passage. It was supposed that on this occasion he must have gone by Berkeley Square, because he had certainly not turned down by the first street to the right, which he would have taken had he intended to avoid the square. He had been seen by Barrington Erle and Fitzgibbon to pass that turning. Otherwise they would have made no remark as to the possibility of a renewed quarrel between him and Phineas, should Phineas chance to overtake him; for Phineas would certainly go by the square unless taken out of his way by some special purpose. The most direct way of all for Mr. Bonteen would have been that followed by Lord Fawn; but as he had not turned down this street, and had not been seen by Lord Fawn, who was known to walk very slowly, and had often been seen to go by Berkeley Square, it was presumed that he had now taken that road. In this case he would certainly pass the end of the passage toward which Lord Fawn declared that he had seen the man hurrying whom he now supposed to have been Phineas Finn. Finn's direct road home would, as has been already said, have been through the square, cutting off the corner of the square, toward Bruton Street, and thence across Bond Street by Conduit Street to Regent Street, and so to Great Marlborough Street, where he lived.

But it had been, no doubt, possible for him to have been on the spot on which Lord Fawn had seen the man; for, although in his natural course thither from the club he would have at once gone down the street to the right—a course which both Erle and Fitzgibbon were able to say that he did not take, as they had seen him go beyond the turning—nevertheless there had been ample time for him to have retraced his steps to it in time to have caught Lord Fawn, and thus to have deceived Fitzgibbon and Erle as to the route he had taken.

When they had got thus far Lord Cantrip was standing close to the window of the room at Mr. Gresham's elbow. "Don't allow yourself to be hurried into believing it," said Lord Cantrip.

"I do not know that we need believe it, or the reverse. It is a case for the police."

"Of course it is; but your belief and mine will have a weight. Nothing that I have heard makes me for a moment think it possible. I know the man."

"He was very angry."

"Had he struck him in the club I should not have been much surprised; but he never attacked his enemy with a bludgeon in a dark alley. I know him well."

"What do you think of Fawn's story?"

"He was mistaken in his man. Remember, it was a dark night."

"I do not see that you and I can do any thing," said Mr. Gresham. "I shall have to say something in the House as to the poor fellow's death, but I certainly shall not express a suspicion. Why should I?"

Up to this moment nothing had been done as to Phineas Finn. It was known that he would, in his natural course of business, be in his place in Parliament at four, and Major Mackintosh was of opinion that he certainly should be taken before a magistrate in time to prevent the necessity of arresting him in the House. It was decided that Lord Fawn, with Fitzgibbon and Erle, should accompany the police officer to Bow Street, and that a magistrate should be applied to for a warrant, if he thought the evidence was sufficient. Major Mackintosh was of opinion that, although by no possibility could the two men suspected have been jointly guilty of the murder, still the circumstances were such as to justify the immediate arrest of both. Were Yosef Mealyus really guilty, and to be allowed to slip from their hands, no doubt it might be very difficult to catch him. Facts did not at present seem to prevail against him; but, as the Major observed, facts are apt to alter considerably when they are minutely sifted. His character was half sufficient to condemn him; and then with him there was an adequate motive, and what Lord Cantrip regarded as "a possibility." It was not to be conceived that from mere rage Phineas Finn would lay a plot for murdering a man in the street. "It is on the cards, my lord," said the Major, "that he may have chosen to attack Mr. Bonteen without intending to murder him. The murder may afterward have been an accident."

It was impossible after this for even a Prime Minister and two Cabinet Ministers to go about their work calmly. The men concerned had been too well known to them to allow their minds to become clear of the subject. When Major Mackintosh went off to Bow Street with Erle and Laurence, it was certainly the opinion of the majority of those who had been present that the blow had been struck by the hand of Phineas Finn. And perhaps the worst aspect of it all was that there had been not simply a blow, but blows. The constables had declared that the murdered man had been struck thrice about the head, and that the fatal stroke had been given on the side of his head after the man's hat had been knocked off. That Finn should have followed his enemy through the street, after such words as he had spoken, with the view of having the quarrel out in some shape, did not seem to be very improbable to any of them except Lord Cantrip; and then, had there been a scuffle out in the open path, at the spot at which the angry man might have overtaken his adversary, it was not incredible to them that he should have drawn even such a weapon as a life-preserver from his pocket. But, in the case as it had occurred, a spot peculiarly traitorous had been selected, and the attack had too probably been made from behind. As yet there was no evidence that the murderer had himself encountered any ill usage. And Finn, if he was the murderer, must, from the time he was standing at the club door, have contemplated a traitorous, dastardly attack. He must have counted his moments; have returned slyly in the dark to the corner of the street which he had once passed; have muffled his face in his coat; and have then laid wait in a spot to which an honest man at night would hardly trust himself with honest purposes. "I look upon it as quite out of the question," said Lord Cantrip, when the three Ministers were left alone. Now Lord Cantrip had served for many months in the same office as Phineas Finn.

"You are simply putting your own opinion of the man against the facts," said Mr. Gresham. "But facts always convince, and another man's opinion rarely convinces."

"I'm not sure that we know the facts yet," said the Duke.

"Of course we are speaking of them as far as they have been told to us. As far as they go—unless they can be upset and shown not to be facts—I fear they would be conclusive to me on a jury."

"Do you mean that you have heard enough to condemn him?" asked Lord Cantrip.

"Remember what we have heard. The murdered man had two enemies."

"He may have had a third."

"Or ten; but we have heard of but two."

"He may have been attacked for his money," said the Duke.

"But neither his money nor his watch was touched," continued Mr. Gresham. "Anger, or the desire of putting the man out of the way, has caused the murder. Of the two enemies one, according to the facts as we now have them, could not have been there. Nor is it probable that he could have known that his enemy would be on that spot. The other not only could have been there, but was certainly near the place at the moment—so near that, did he not do the deed himself, it is almost wonderful that it should not have been interrupted in its doings by his nearness. He certainly knew that the victim would be there. He was burning with anger against him at the moment. He had just threatened him. He had with him such an instrument as was afterward used. A man believed to be him is seen hurrying to the spot by a witness whose credibility is beyond doubt. These are the facts such as we have them at present. Unless they can be upset, I fear they would convince a jury—as they have already convinced those officers of the police."

"Officers of the police always believe men to be guilty," said Lord Cantrip.

"They don't believe the Jew clergyman to be guilty," said Mr. Gresham.

"I fear that there will be enough to send Mr. Finn to a trial," said the Duke.

"Not a doubt of it," said Mr. Gresham.

"And yet I feel as convinced of his innocence as I do of my own," said Lord Cantrip.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MR. MAULE'S ATTEMPT.

ABOUT three o'clock in the day the first tidings of what had taken place reached Madame Goesler in the following perturbed note from her friend the Duchess:

"Have you heard what took place last night? Good God! Mr. Bonteen was murdered as he came home from his club, and they say that it was done by Phineas Finn. Plantagenet has just come in from Downing Street, where every body is talking about it. I can't get from him what he believes. One never can get any thing from him. But I never will believe it—nor will you, I'm sure. I vote we stick to him to the last. He is to be put in prison and tried. I can hardly believe that Mr. Bonteen has been murdered, though I don't know why he shouldn't as well as any body else. Plantagenet talks about the great loss; I know which would be the greatest loss, and so do you. I'm going out now to try and find out something. Barrington Erle was there, and if I can find him he will tell me. I shall be home by half past five. Do come, there's a dear woman; there is no one else I can talk to about it. If I'm not back, go in all the same, and tell them to bring you tea.

"Only think of Lady Laura—with one mad, and the other in Newgate! G. P."

This letter gave Madame Goesler such a blow that for a few minutes it altogether knocked her down. After reading it once she hardly knew what it contained beyond a statement that Phineas Finn was in Newgate. She sat for a while with it in her hands, almost swooning, and then with an effort she recovered herself, and read the letter again. Mr. Bonteen murdered, and Phineas Finn—who had dined with her only yesterday evening, with whom she had been talking of all the sins of the murdered man, who was her special friend, of whom she thought more than of any other human being, of whom she could not bring herself to cease to think—accused of the murder! Believe it! The Duchess had declared, with that sort of enthusiasm which was common to her, that she never would believe it. No indeed! What judge of character would any one be who could believe that Phineas Finn could be guilty of a midnight murder? "I vote we

stick to him." "Stick to him!" Madame Goesler said, repeating the words to herself. "What is the use of sticking to a man who does not want you?" How can a woman cling to a man who, having said that he did not want her, yet comes again within her influence, but does not unsay what he had said before? Nevertheless, if it should be that the man was in real distress—in absolutely dire sorrow—she would cling to him with a constancy which, as she thought, her friend the Duchess would hardly understand. Though they should hang him, she would bathe his body with her tears, and live as a woman should live who had loved a murderer to the last.

But she swore to herself that she would not believe it. Nay, she did not believe it. Believe it, indeed! It was simply impossible. That he might have killed the wretch in some struggle brought on by the man's own fault was possible. Had the man attacked Phineas Finn, it was only too probable that there might have been such result. But murder, secret midnight murder, could not have been committed by the man she had chosen as her friend. And yet, through it all, there was a resolve that even though he should have committed murder, she would be true to him. If it should come to the very worst, then would she declare the intensity of the affection with which she regarded the murderer. As to Mr. Bonteen, what the Duchess said was true enough; why should not he be killed as well as another? In her present frame of mind she felt very little pity for Mr. Bonteen. After a fashion a verdict of "served him right" crossed her mind, as it had doubtless crossed that of the Duchess when she was writing her letter. The man had made himself so obnoxious that it was well that he should be out of the way. But not on that account would she believe that Phineas Finn had murdered him.

Could it be true that the man, after all, was dead? Marvelous reports, and reports marvelously false, do spread themselves about the world every day. But this report had come from the Duke, and he was not a man given to absurd rumors. He had heard the story in Downing Street, and if so, it must be true. Of course she would go down to the Duchess at the hour fixed. It was now a little after three, and she ordered the carriage to be ready for her at a quarter past five. Then she told the servant at first to admit no one who might call, and then to come up and let her know, if any one should come, without sending the visitor away. It might be that some one would come to her expressly from Phineas, or at least with tidings about this affair.

Then she read the letter again, and those few last words in it stuck to her thoughts like a bur. "Think of Lady Laura, with one mad and the other in Newgate!" Was this man—the only man whom she had ever loved—more to Lady Laura Kennedy than to her? or, rather, was Lady Laura more to him than was she herself? If so, why should she fret herself for his sake? She was ready enough to own that she could sacrifice every thing for him, even though he should be standing as a murderer in the dock, if such sacrifice would be valued by him. He had himself told her that his feelings toward Lady Laura were simply those of an affectionate friend; but how could she believe that statement when all the world were saying the reverse? Lady Laura was a married woman—a woman whose husband was still living—and of course he was bound to make such an assertion when he and she were named together. And then it was certain—Madame Goesler believed it to be certain—that there had been a time in which Phineas had asked for the love of Lady Laura Standish. But he had never asked for her love. It had been tendered to him, and he had rejected it! And now the Duchess—who, with all her inaccuracies, had that sharpness of vision which enables some men and women to see into facts—spoke as though Lady Laura were to be pitied more than all others, because of the evil that had befallen Phineas Finn! Had not Lady Laura chosen her own husband, and was not the man, let him be ever so mad, still her husband? Madame Goesler was sore of heart, as well as broken down with sorrow, till at last, hiding her face on the pillow of the sofa, still holding the Duchess's letter in her hand, she burst into a fit of hysteric sobs.

Few of those who knew Madame Max Goesler well, as she lived in town and in country, would have believed that such could have been the effect upon her of the news which she had heard. Credit was given to her every where for good nature, discretion, affability, and a certain grace of demeanor which always made her charming. She was known to be generous, wise, and of high spirit. Something of her conduct to the old Duke had crept into general notice, and had been told, here and there, to her honor. She had conquered the good opinion of many, and was a popular woman. But there was not one among her friends who supposed her capable of becoming a victim to a strong passion, or would have suspected her of reckless weeping for any sorrow. The Duchess, who thought that she knew Madame Goesler well, would not have believed it to be true, even if she had seen it. "You like people, but I don't think you ever love any one," the Duchess had once said to her. Madame Goesler had smiled, and had seemed to assent. To enjoy the world, and to know that the best enjoyment must come from witnessing the satisfaction of others, had apparently been her philosophy. But now she was prostrate because this man was in trouble, and because she had been told that his trouble was more than another woman could bear!

She was still sobbing and crushing the letter in her hand when the servant came up to tell her that Mr. Maule had called. He was below, waiting to know whether she would see him. She remembered at once that Mr. Maule had met Phineas at her table on the previous evening, and thinking that he must have come with tidings respecting this great event, desired that he might be shown up to her. But, as it happened, Mr. Maule had not yet heard of the death of Mr. Bonteen. He had remained at home till nearly four, having a great object in view, which made him deem it expedient that he should go direct from his own rooms to Madame Goesler's house, and had not even looked in at his club. The reader will perhaps divine the great object. On this day he proposed to ask Madame Goesler to make him the happiest of men—as he certainly would have thought himself for a time had she consented to put him in possession of her large income. He had therefore padded himself with more than ordinary care, reduced but not obliterated the grayness of his locks, looked carefully to the fitting of his trowsers, and spared himself those ordinary labors of the morning which might have robbed him of any remaining spark of his juvenility.

Madame Goesler met him more than half across the room as he entered it. "What have you heard?" said she. Mr. Maule wore his sweetest smile, but he had heard nothing. He could only press her hand and look blank, understanding that there was something which he ought to have heard. She thought nothing of the pressure of her hand. Apt as she was to be conscious at an instant of all that was going on around her, she thought of nothing now but that man's peril, and of the truth or falsehood of the story that had been sent to her. "You have heard nothing of Mr. Finn?"

"Not a word," said Mr. Maule, withdrawing his hand. "What has happened to Mr. Finn?" Had Mr. Finn broken his neck it would have been nothing to Mr. Maule. But the lady's solicitude was something to him.

"Mr. Bonteen has been—murdered!"

"Mr. Bonteen!"

"So I hear. I thought you had come to tell me of it."

"Mr. Bonteen murdered! No; I have heard nothing. I do not know the gentleman. I thought you said—Mr. Finn."

"It is not known about London, then?"

"I can not say, Madame Goesler. I have just come from home, and have not been out all the morning. Who has—murdered him?"

"Ah! I do not know. That is what I wanted you to tell me."

"But what of Mr. Finn?"

"I also have not been out, Mr. Maule, and can give you no information. I thought you had called because you knew that Mr. Finn had dined here."

"Has Mr. Finn been murdered?"

"Mr. Bonteen! I said that the report was that Mr. Bonteen had been murdered." Madame Goesler was now waxing angry—most unreasonably. "But I know nothing about it, and am just going out to make inquiry. The carriage is ordered." Then she stood, expecting him to go; and he knew that he was expected to go. It was at any rate clear to him that he could not carry out his great design on the present occasion. "This has so upset me that I can think of nothing else at present, and you must, if you please, excuse me. I would not have let you take the trouble of coming up, had not I thought that you were the bearer of some news." Then she bowed, and Mr. Maule bowed; and as he left the room she forgot to ring the bell.

"What the deuce can she have meant about that fellow Finn?" he said to himself. "They can not both have been murdered." He went to his club, and there he soon learned the truth. The information was given to him with clear and undoubting words. Phineas Finn and Mr. Bonteen had quarreled at the Universe. Mr. Bonteen, as far as words went, had got the best of his adversary. This had taken place in the presence of the Prince, who had expressed himself as greatly annoyed by Mr. Finn's conduct. And afterward Phineas Finn had waylaid Mr. Bonteen in the passage between Bolton Row and Berkeley Street, and had there—murdered him. As it happened, no one who had been at the Universe was at that moment present; but the whole affair was now quite well known, and was spoken of without a doubt.

"I hope he'll be hung, with all my heart," said Mr. Maule, who thought that he could read the riddle which had been so unintelligible in Park Lane.

When Madame Goesler reached Carlton Terrace, which she did before the time named by the Duchess, her friend had not yet returned. But she went up stairs, as she had been desired, and they brought her tea. But the tea-pot remained untouched till past six o'clock, and then the Duchess returned. "Oh, my dear, I am so sorry for being late. Why haven't you had tea?"

"What is the truth of it all?" said Madame Goesler, standing up with her fists clinched as they hung by her side.

"I don't seem to know nearly as much as I did when I wrote to you."

"Has the man been—murdered?"

"Oh dear, yes. There's no doubt about that. I was quite sure of that when I sent the letter. I have had such a hunt! But at last I went up to the door of the House of Commons, and got Barrington Erle to come out to me."

"Well?"

"Two men have been arrested."

"Not Phineas Finn?"

"Yes; Mr. Finn is one of them. Is it not awful? So much more dreadful to me than the other poor man's death! One oughtn't to say so, of course."

"And who is the other man? Of course he did it."

"That horrid Jew preaching man that married Lizzie Eustace. Mr. Bonteen had been persecuting him, and making out that he had another wife at home in Hungary, or Behemia, or somewhere."

"Of course he did it."

"That's what I say. Of course the Jew did it. But then all the evidence goes to show that he didn't do it. He was in bed at the time, and the door of the house was locked up, so that he couldn't get out; and the man who did the murder hadn't got on his coat, but had got on Phineas Finn's coat."

"Was there—blood?" asked Madame Goesler, shaking from head to foot.

"Not that I know. I don't suppose they've looked yet. But Lord Fawn saw the man, and swears to the coat."

"Lord Fawn! How I have always hated that man! I wouldn't believe a word he would say."

"Barrington doesn't think so much of the coat. But Phineas had a club in his pocket, and the man was killed by a club. There hasn't been any other club found, but Phineas Finn took his home with him."

"A murderer would not have done that."

"Barrington says that the head policeman says that it is just what a very clever murderer would do."

"Do you believe it, Duchess?"

"Certainly not—not though Lord Fawn swore that he had seen it. I never will believe what I don't like to believe, and nothing shall ever make me."

"He couldn't have done it."

"Well, for the matter of that, I suppose he could."

"No, Duchess, he could not have done it."

"He is strong enough, and brave enough."

"But not enough of a coward. There is nothing cowardly about him. If Phineas Finn could have struck an enemy with a club in a dark passage, behind his back, I will never care to speak to any man again. Nothing shall make me believe it. If I did, I could never again believe in any one. If they told you that your husband had murdered a man, what would you say?"

"But he isn't your husband, Madame Max."

"No—certainly not. I can not fly at them, when they say so, as you would do. But I can be just as sure. If twenty Lord Fawns swore that they had seen it, I would not believe them. O God! what will they do with him!"

The Duchess behaved very well to her friend, saying not a single word to twit her with the love which she betrayed. She seemed to take it as a matter of course that Madame Goesler's interest in Phineas Finn should be as it was. The Duke, she said, could not come home to dinner, and Madame Goesler should stay with her. Both Houses were in such a ferment about the murder that nobody liked to be away. Every body had been struck with amazement, not simply—not chiefly—by the fact of the murder, but by the double destruction of the two men whose ill-will to each other had been of late so often the subject of conversation. So Madame Goesler remained at Carlton Terrace till late in the evening, and during the whole visit there was nothing mentioned but the murder of Mr. Bonteen and the peril of Phineas Finn. "Some one will go and see him, I suppose," said Madame Goesler.

"Lord Cantrip has been already—and Mr. Monk."

"Could not I go?"

"Well, it would be rather strong."

"If we both went together?" suggested Madame Goesler. And before she left Carlton Terrace she had almost extracted a promise from the Duchess that they would together proceed to the prison and endeavor to see Phineas Finn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALCHEMY.

No doubt there was a deal of imposture in alchemy; no doubt, too, the wish for gold was father to the thought of alchemy; but this in itself will not account for Henry IV. prohibiting alchemy; for God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraging it; for Pope John XXII. being an alchemist; for Louis XIII. of France making a Franciscan monk his grand-almoner as the reward of a hundred years' reign promised to his credulity by that pretender to the discovery of the grand elixir; or for Jean de Lisle expiating by an early death in the Bastile his bold attempts to persuade Louis XIV. and his ministers that he possessed the gold-making stone. Among the wide circle of influential believers that alchemy thus entranced were Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, and St. Thomas Aquinas, and even the transcendent intellects of Leibnitz, Spinoza, and Verulam. However, in the pursuit of this phantom, Roger Bacon casually stumbled on the composition of gunpowder, Geber on the properties of acids, Van Helmont on the nature of gas geist or spirit, and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, on the uses of the salt which bears his name. Thus was the alchemist the victim of fetichism, the slave of superstition, the worshiper of science, the conqueror of power. How much of alchemy was an imposture, how much of it was an enthusiasm, it is impossible to say. The secular practice of the science may be gleaned from M. Geoffroy's demonstration before the Royal Academy of Sciences in 1722 that alchemy was a matter of false-bottomed crucibles, hollow hands filled with gold, perforated lead, and soldered nails. The religious theory of the science may be gathered from Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymiæ*, published in 1644, wherein occurs the statement: "The stone of the philosopher is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. As, therefore, it is so mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing, in order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom, which is bestowed by God on very few." Macaulay praises Verulam for his "fruit," his aim at substantial results. The meteoric iron which fell at Agram, in Croatia, was capable of being forged into nails—a meteor which ought to be known as Bentham's meteor. Judged, however, by results, as Lowe would say, Roger Bacon's gunpowder-producing alchemy has not been an unalloyed blessing to mankind.

CHINESE BEGGARS.

THE beggars of most Chinese cities may be divided into three principal classes, each miserable, dirty, and designing, but with differences which must excite and demand pity in varying degrees. One class, the most numerous—perhaps most powerful, best organized, and most prolific in resources—is under a "head-man," a species of gypsy king. This man is raised to his high dignity on account of his superior talents as a knave and extorter of money. "Whatever the beggars procure by begging," says the writer of a Chinese romance, "is given to the head-man; and in time of rain or snow, when they can not follow their calling, their chief provides them with food and supplies them with clothing." We would remark, in passing, that if the food is as fragmentary as we know from personal observation the clothing always is, the beggars must live occasionally on extremely short commons.

The head-man's duties are to estimate the wealth and resources of the chief shops in the cities, excepting, it is said, those of tailors and other artisans. He goes round to the owners of these shops and bargains with them till they come to satisfactory terms. Two slips of paper, one green and the other red, are then pasted up in the shop, on which are set forth the head-man's name, the amount of black-mail agreed upon, the days of payment, and a warning to the fraternity not to annoy the shop-keeper. The shop is thus protected, for the time being, against molestation by this man's tribe; but if the owner refuses to come to terms, the consequences are disastrous, for a crowd of ragged, filthy, brazen-faced, stentorian-voiced beggars is let loose upon him, and the transaction of business is rendered almost if not quite impossible, until at length, in his despair, he gladly agrees to pay a heavier contribution than at first demanded. The payment thus made by large shops is from thirty to thirty-five shillings a year. Only men are admitted into the beggars' clubs or guilds, and they all draw from the funds, accumulated as before described, certain stipulated sums according to their abilities. The ceremonies attending births, marriages, and deaths furnish the beggars with great opportunities. If a wedding be going on they appear, shouting, "Good luck to you! may you grow in wealth and increase in honors! may your halls be filled with gold and precious stones! may you have numerous sons and daughters! Good luck to you, good luck to you!" On receiving a small gratuity they depart, but only to re-appear the next day, and, after the expression of further congratulatory sentiments, to demand the fragments of the marriage feast. Much the same takes place after funeral feasts, and on such occasions it sometimes happens that a considerable sum has to be distributed among the beggars before they will allow the burial or ancestral sacrifice to proceed without interruption. To attain their end they will even go the length of getting into the grave and preventing the coffin from being lowered.

The following is a curious use to which beggars are sometimes turned. When a very irate creditor is weary of his debtor's delay, and cares more to annoy the man than to possess his money, he gives his bills to these beggars—compounding, perhaps, for part of the spoils—and sends them day by day to worry the miserable debtor into settling the account. Among their other means of gaining a living, beggars are employed to bury criminals after an execution; others, again, act the parts of shipwrecked sailors, etc., etc., and spread before them on the ground a harrowing description of their supposed sufferings. Some attach wisps of straw to their children, implying thereby that, in consequence of the extreme distress of the parents, they were for sale; though, if the truth were known, it would probably be found that these very children had been before hired to be pinched and made to cry in order to excite pity!

Another class goes by the name of *Kaou hwa tsze*, which means "high-flower people;" but, notwithstanding their high-sounding title, they are decidedly a grade lower than the former class. They live in the outer courts of certain temples, and consist mainly of refugees from other districts. These poor wretches have their regular sources of income as well as the former class. In the middle of the seventh moon, when sacrifices are offered to the spirits from the tombs—who are then supposed to be maliciously using their brief month's holiday to sow sickness broadcast—these poor beggars come and claim the remains of the feast, which, after all, is but a scanty one. They also beg from shop to shop, and their importunity seldom fails to bring them some alms, though generally of a trifling amount, and such as a sturdy beggar in America would scorn to accept. There was in old times a special tax levied on shops, professedly to defray the expenses connected with the supply of ornaments and face-powder for the females of the emperor's palace. China is large, and her shops innumerable, and had the tax been rigorously enforced, and faithfully expended according to the original design, face-powder sufficient to bury domestics, wives, emperor and all alive would have been yearly procurable. The tax is not now exacted, but, by a sort of mutual consent, the beggars take part of the king's remitted dues.

At the New-Year beggars of this class may be